

MACAULAY'S
ESSAY ON HORACE WALPOLE
—
DOWNIE

MACAULAY'S ESSAY
ON
HORACE WALPOLE

EDITED
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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PREFACE

Few of Macaulay's essays are more deserving of careful study than this on Horace Walpole, now annotated for the first time. A review of "the best letter-writer in the English language" from so brilliant a pen as Macaulay's cannot but be full of interest and instruction. No better material for a training in criticism can be provided than the letters of Horace Walpole side by side with Macaulay's comments on them. The mistakes and misrepresentations of the latter form a splendid exercise for the student in one important function of the critic—the weighing and judging of conflicting statements. The Extracts from Walpole's Letters are, therefore, necessarily given at some length, but no reader is likely to wish them shorter. The notes aim, not only at explaining with sufficient fulness all the allusions in the essay, but also at affording the student some guidance with regard to Macaulay's critical judgments.

Apart from the training of the critical faculty, the essay is (especially in the latter half) a good example of what Professor Saintsbury has called

Macaulay's "Pisgah sights" of history. "On any subject which Macaulay has touched", says the Professor, "his survey is unsurpassable for giving a first bird's-eye view and for creating interest in the matter."

The text is that of the collected edition of the Essays issued in 1849. Variations between it and the original as published in the *Edinburgh Review* (October, 1833) are given in the Appendix. The paragraphs have been numbered, partly for facility of reference and partly to emphasize the importance of what is really Macaulay's unit of composition.

JOHN DOWNIE.

ABERDEEN,
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INTRODUCTION

I. LIFE OF MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, on the 25th of October, 1800. He was the eldest child of a family of nine. As his name would suggest, he was of Scottish descent, his grandfather and great-grandfather having been clergymen of the Presbyterian Church in the Western Highlands. His father, Zachary, was an ardent advocate of the freedom of the slave, and a leading member of that small circle of Evangelical Churchmen which, under the name of "the Clapham sect", became widely known for the piety and philanthropy of its members. His mother, Selina Mills, was of a Quaker family, and had been educated by the sisters of Hannah More, whose school provided the best education available for young ladies at the end of last century.

At a very early age he showed marvellous precocity, and a memory so extraordinary as to mark him out at once as a prodigy. When still a mere child he was an omnivorous reader and a facile writer. He was educated in private schools, till, at the age of eighteen, he became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. At the university he continued to give his attention, as he had done at school, entirely to the study of literature. He showed a decided distaste for mathematics, the prevailing study at Cambridge, and failed so completely to attain proficiency in this subject that he seriously endangered his chances of the highest university distinctions. His brilliant career in classics, however, made up for other deficiencies, and in 1824 he was elected Fellow

of his college, thus securing an income of £300 for seven years.

Macaulay had not confined himself to classics during his university career. He had read largely in the literature of modern European nations, especially Italian. He had also acquired a familiarity with English writers which was very uncommon at that time with university students. He found a field for the cultivation of his own literary powers in the Union Debating Society, of which he was the most distinguished member of his time. He there discovered his own gifts as a rhetorician of rare power, and the discovery helped to stamp his writings at the very outset with their peculiar quality—that of argumentative oratory. It is to such a university training—developing, as it did, the literary and rhetorical powers of Macaulay to the stunting of all the other sides of his nature—that we are to attribute most of the excellences and defects that afterwards marked him as a writer.

Macaulay adopted the profession of law, but literature proved more attractive to him. A few contributions to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine* in 1823 and 1824 were sufficient to complete his apprenticeship to the literary art. In his first article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in August, 1825—the 'Essay on Milton'—he appeared as a finished master of the art of expression. "The effect on the author's reputation", says his biographer, Sir George Trevelyan, "was instantaneous. Like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous. The beauties of the work were such as all men could recognize, and its very faults pleased. . . . The family breakfast-table in Bloomsbury was covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every quarter of London, and his father groaned in spirit over the conviction that thenceforward the law would be less to him than ever. . . . But the compliment that of all others came most nearly home—the only commendation of his literary talent which even in the innermost domestic circle he was ever known to repeat—was the sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his manuscript: 'The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style!'"

He now became a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and it was by his articles on Mill in that magazine that he attracted the attention of Lord Lansdowne. By the Whig peer's influence he entered Parliament in 1830 as member for the pocket borough of Calne, and his first speech on the Reform Bill in 1831 at once placed him in the foremost rank as an orator. His share in securing the victory of the Whigs, and in passing the Reform Bill in 1832, was acknowledged by his appointment in that year to the office of Secretary to the Board of Control. His fame as a parliamentary orator continued to increase, till in 1834 he was appointed president of a law commission for India, and legal member of the Supreme Council of India. Though the inducement to accept these offices was mainly a pecuniary one—that he might from his salary of £10,000 a year restore the fortunes of the family shattered by the disasters of his father,—he discharged his duties with the utmost efficiency and with exceptional success. The Penal Code prepared by him, and the Code of Criminal Procedure he drafted, have been pronounced by the highest legal authorities as sufficient in themselves to establish his fame as a jurist and to make his name memorable in the history of India.

On his return to England in 1838, with a fortune sufficient for his simple requirements, he wrote more essays for the *Edinburgh Review* (even in India he had written two), began his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, and re-entered Parliament in 1839, now as member for Edinburgh. As Secretary-at-War he joined the Whig ministry of Lord Melbourne, already tottering to its fall, and did all that one man could do to stave off the ruin that befell the Whigs in 1841. He returned to office in 1846 as Paymaster-general, but losing his seat for Edinburgh in 1847, he practically ended his political life in that year. Though re-elected for Edinburgh in 1852 on the initiative, and by the efforts, of the electors themselves, he never again took a prominent part in politics, and finally terminated his political career by resigning his seat in 1856.

Since his return from India, and especially since his release from office in 1841, Macaulay had been gravitating more and

more to a purely literary life. He published his *Lays of Ancient Rome* in 1842, and the qualities of simplicity, energy, directness, and force which marked them, secured their immediate and wide popularity. Many of his best essays were also contributed by him at this time to the *Edinburgh Review*, notably those on Temple, Clive, Hastings, Addison, and Chatham. But he ceased to contribute in 1844, as he wished to concentrate his energies on a work which he had begun in March, 1839—"the *History of England*, from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living". The first two volumes of this, his masterpiece, appeared in 1848, and were received with a favour that recalled the popularity of Byron's poems and Scott's novels. In less than four months 13,000 copies had been sold. It was the greatest of the long series of Macaulay's successes. A like triumph followed on the publication of the second two volumes in 1855. His literary eminence was fittingly recognized. He was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University in 1848, and he received innumerable honours from learned bodies at home and abroad. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Macaulay of Rothley. The short period of life that remained he spent in the continuation of his *History*, but he did not live long enough to carry it down beyond 1700. He died suddenly on the 28th of December, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had noted in his diary on his fifty-first birthday: "I have had a happy life. I do not know that any one, whom I have seen close, has had a happier." These words will be readily endorsed by every reader of his *Life*, and most, if not all, will be inclined to add that his good fortune was not beyond his deserts.

2. CRITICISM OF THE ESSAY.

The essay divides into two parts, nearly equal in length but very unequal in merit and trustworthiness. The first part, dealing with literary criticism of "the best letter-writer in

the English language",¹ is an extraordinary travesty of facts, while the second part contains some of the most brilliant character-sketches and most cogent reasonings to be found in the pages of England's most brilliant historian. The difference in the two parts is acknowledged by the author himself. In a letter to his sister Hannah, he says: "Nothing ever cost me more pains than the first half; I never wrote anything so flowingly as the latter half; and I like the latter half the best. I have laid it on [Horace] Walpole so unsparingly that I shall not be surprised if Miss Berry should cut me. . . . Neither am I sure that Lord and Lady Holland will be well pleased." The author's statements are borne out by an examination of the essay. The pains spent in elaborating such a caricature of Horace Walpole must indeed have been extraordinary. Of all the statements going to make up the complete picture it would scarcely be an exaggeration (certainly not one of the Macaulayan order) to say that not a single one is true. What motive could have induced Macaulay to distort facts so outrageously has puzzled subsequent critics. Mr. Cunningham, the editor of the standard edition of Walpole's *Letters*, has suggested that it was "to revenge the dislike which Walpole bore to the Bedford faction, the followers of Fox and the Shelburne school". Another has hinted at a traditional grudge in the Whig circles, to which Macaulay belonged, against Walpole on account of the influence he exerted over his friend, General Conway. Mr. Leslie Stephen has argued at great length that the finical and refined virtuoso roused the "posthumous jealousy" of the Philistine type of Englishmen whom Macaulay so well represented. The real reason is no doubt the one assigned by Mr. Austin Dobson—a desire on the part of Macaulay to represent Walpole as a bundle of contradictions, so that he might have a chance of playing off his antithetic fireworks of which he had an unlimited supply. He resorted to the same device in his criticism of Boswell in the review of the *Life of Johnson*: "If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer". The plan allows scope for much

¹ Sir W. Scott.

brilliant writing, but proves fatal to the critic's reputation for trustworthiness. There can be no better illustration of the twisting of facts and the suppressing of inconvenient truths—in short, of the advocate's art of misrepresentation—than the statements by which Macaulay tries to hold up his victim to ridicule.

The judicious reader might well be put on his guard by the astounding statement with which the critic opens fire, that the letters—"literary luxuries" though they be—are the product of an unhealthy mind. One is tempted to doubt with Carlyle whether a really good book can ever be the result of badness of any sort. "His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations", "the most artificial of men", "mask within mask", "an unhealthy and disorganized mind",—these are the phrases in which Macaulay describes the author of books that possess, even for him, "an irresistible charm". Whether his view is correct can only be ascertained by considering *seriatim* the instances which he brings forward to support his extraordinary assertion.

I. With regard to Walpole's attitude to politics it is stated that he did not take them seriously. But seriousness is a relative term, and Macaulay, who lived and revelled in politics, might easily be too exacting in his standard. The eighteenth century was not an age of enthusiasm—least of all in politics. Indeed, it is difficult to see how any healthy mind could have been absorbed by the Parliamentary struggle that went on among the aristocratic factions then constituting the political world. Walpole's oft-repeated disgust at the meaningless struggle carried on unceasingly is not to be taken as affected, for that is to beg the whole question. That he was indifferent to the great questions of the time is refuted by the letters on the Jacobite rising, the Wilkes case, the Seven Years' War, the American struggle for Independence, and the French Revolution. In all of these he took a keen interest, and his opinions as to their significance and probable issue are marked by singular shrewdness and foresight. For the period covered by his letters, Horace Walpole remains one of the most helpful and

reliable of original sources for the historian. True, there is much gossip, often trivial enough, mixed up with matters of world-wide importance; but it is of the very essence of a letter to contain what is of human interest—especially what is of interest to its recipient.

His political creed undoubtedly sat lightly on him, as all his beliefs did, but that there was pretence or affectation about his whiggism and his anti-monarchical views, there is not a tittle of evidence. If he became in his later years, under the terror of the French Revolution, a denouncer of demagogues and an adorer of kings, he merely changed with the great majority of his fellow-Whigs. If he chose for the subject of one of his books "*Royal and Noble Authors*", it was because his own aristocratic connection enabled him to handle the matter from an exceptionally favourable position. If, when a child, he plagued his mother to take him to see the king, it merely reveals a natural curiosity aroused in a precocious child by the mysterious stories he must have listened to many a time in his father's house. There is certainly much in the letters about kings and courts, but the excuse he gives to his correspondent, Mann, is surely sufficient: "If we did not chat about our neighbour kings, I don't know how we should keep up our correspondence, for we are better acquainted with King Louis, King Carlos, and the Empress Katherine and Teresa, than you with the English I live amongst, or I with your Florentines".¹ Further, royalties had no more reason to thank Walpole for his frequent references to them than they have at the present day to feel grateful to *Truth* for its weekly paragraphs about courts. If the Queen, shrewd woman though she be, has failed to discover any enthusiasm for royalty in Labouchere's effusions, still less would anyone detect servility in Horace Walpole's references to royal personages. The description of the Czarina Catherine,² of the visit of the King of Denmark,³ of George III. recovering from his insanity,⁴ and of "the

¹ Letter of 1st January, 1771; *v.* also letter of 13th September, 1759.

² Letter of 12th August, 1762. ³ Letter of 16th August, 1768. ⁴ Letter of 12th February, 1789.

poor Duke of York"¹ are sarcastic enough for the most violent republican, while the account of the levee at the French court is unquotably indecent. True, he writes out Prince Frederic's poem on the Battle of Fontenoy, but with this most damning comment: "It has miscarried in nothing but the language, the thoughts, and the poetry".²

2. "No writer was ever guilty of so much false and absurd criticism." This characteristically Macaulayan assertion is supported first of all by a quotation from the *Letters*, in which suppression and distortion are carried to an extreme. "In these letters he says that he would rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee than Thomson's *Seasons*." The quotation in full runs thus: "I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee than *Leonidas* or *The Seasons*, as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother".³ There speaks the very spirit of romanticism in its protest against classicism! Walpole wrote the words not in admiration of Lee as against Thomson, as the words torn from their context would imply, but in denunciation of what he thought the conventional, artificial poetry of "tame geniuses". Of course, he erred in setting down Thomson among these "classical" poets, but in Thomson's phraseology there are many traces of the prevalent conventionalism, which ought to excuse a hasty reader like Walpole for not detecting the harbinger poet of the coming Nature school. Apart from this mistake, the statement—implying that life, energy, even violence, are superior to form, decency, dulness—might be accepted by the romantics as containing the very sum and substance of their faith.

Again, an off-hand statement by Walpole (himself a contributor to the *World*) that the *World* was by our first writers, leads Macaulay to draw up a list of the first writers in 1753, as revealed by the distance of nearly a century, and to put side by side with it Walpole's list of contributors to the *World*. Naturally, the two lists do not coincide. It is as if

¹ Letter of 27th September, 1767.

² Letter of 11th May, 1745.

³ Letter of 29th March, 1745.

one (especially a contributor) were to say of the *Nineteenth Century* that the contributors were the first writers of the day, and a twentieth-century Macaulay were to fix on a few titled nobodies who are as common in the *Nineteenth Century* as in the *World*, and to put side by side with them a list of the Brownings, the Arnolds, &c., who will then stand out clear to all in their pre-eminence. Curiously enough, the poet Gray is by this method excluded from Walpole's list, and yet Walpole not only admired his friend Gray, but (in the words of our greatest living authority on the eighteenth century) "in a great measure it is to Walpole that we owe Gray". The shrewdness and correctness of Walpole's literary judgments were strikingly shown in his apprehension of the Scottish Ballads and Percy's *Reliques*, "a delightful publication of this winter".¹ He detected the excellence and suspected the genuineness of Chatterton's Rowley poems. "Can I think we want writers of history while Mr. Hume and Mr. Robertson are living?" asks Walpole in his letter to Sir D. Dalrymple (11th July, 1759), and yet Mr. Hume appears in Macaulay's list as one of the writers he ignored.

He made mistakes, undoubtedly, as in the case of Sterne, Johnson, and Goldsmith; but personal feeling—whether of admiration or antipathy—is always strong in contemporaries, who cannot by any possibility escape from "the injustice of the near view". There was much in Goldsmith and Johnson which, to Walpole with his high-bred, aristocratic notions, must have appeared repulsive, while the humour and pathos of Sterne have been thought by so impartial and competent a critic as Thackeray to be spoiled by affectation and the obtrusive manufacture of sentiment. The same explanation accounts for Walpole's judgment of French writers. He was attracted to men like Crébillon of his own day and Grammont of the previous century—men of his own tribe who wrote in a light and airy way of the amusing things of fashionable society. But he did not overlook the merits of the great French writers of his own time. Montesquieu is not, as Macaulay asserts, the only one whom he appreciated.

¹ Letter of 9th March, 1765.

His letter to Voltaire (27th July, 1768) shows how he looked up to the great Frenchman as a master, while, with a respectful independence that does honour both to his courage and insight, he refused to accept as just or adequate Voltaire's now discredited criticism of Shakespeare. Of Rousseau he did make rather cruel fun in what he called his *plaisanterie*; yet in extenuation it should be remembered that the victim of the joke invited such treatment by his eccentricities and abnormally suspicious nature. "I admire Voltaire and Helvetius," wrote Walpole; "Rousseau I never could like. Take much affectation and a little spice of frenzy, and you compose his personal character."

3. Walpole's characters of his contemporaries, it is said, were superficial and cynical. Blind worshippers of eighteenth-century heroes will certainly be shocked by many remarks in his writings. But part of the surprise is due to the devotee who imagines that his hero, even though he be a Chatham, was without foibles. The little weaknesses of great men may be disconcerting to later hero-worshippers, but they are extremely amusing to contemporaries. Men feel happier from realizing that the giants who tower above them are after all but men of like passions with themselves. In our own day how much amusement has been provided by our caricaturists hitting off the trifling peculiarities of dress and speech of a Beaconsfield or a Gladstone, and yet amid the laughter we remember their real greatness. Horace Walpole gives us as much delight. He would have been the ideal Parliamentary correspondent. He certainly does not give us the formal, long-drawn-out descriptions of men which Macaulay dubs "the masterly portraits of Clarendon". The heavy hand was not his. But for a lively, rattling, amusing sketch, that puts a man before us to the life, Horace Walpole has not his equal. "The littleness of the great, the hypocrisy of the virtuous, and the selfishness of statesmen in general, is his ruling theme, illustrated by an infinite variety of brilliant caricatures struck off at a moment with a keen eye and a sure hand. Though he elaborates no grand historical portrait like Burke or Clarendon, he has a whole gallery of telling

vignettes which are often as significant as far more pretentious works." His description of Balmerino at his trial and execution would have made the fortune of any novelist. His gallery of eighteenth-century politicians remains our most important source of information for the period.

And if the portraits are not merely superficial, still less are they uniformly cynical. Pitt does not appear in all his pages as "a strutting, ranting, mouthing actor": "why not allow his magnificent enterprises and good fortune and confess his defects instead of being bombast in his praises?"¹ It is Burke who speaks of Pitt as "a grand artificer of fraud" and pokes fun at the "theatrical stuffing" and "raised heels": Macaulay himself, in an essay which appeared only three months later than this on Walpole, says "Pitt was an actor in the Closet, an actor at Council, an actor in Parliament; and even in private society he could not lay aside his theatrical tones and attitudes". Temple appears nowhere in Walpole's *Letters* as "an impertinent poltroon", but in Macaulay's essay on Pitt he is spoken of as "grossly impertinent". Onslow is nowhere "a pompous proser", but is described by Walpole as the ideal Speaker:—"it will be difficult to find a subject whom gravity will so well become, whose knowledge will be so useful and accurate, and whose fidelity to his trust will prove so unshaken".

Having thus failed to establish his contention that Horace Walpole was "the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of men", Macaulay must accept his own alternative—"we have formed a very erroneous judgment of his character". Who, then, was the real Walpole? He was an easy-going, aristocratic gentleman who, finding himself in early youth well provided for, and having had, as an inmate of his father's house, a premature insight into the shams and hypocrisies of the fashionable world, looked out upon life as an amused spectator at a comedy, incapable of taking things seriously² yet resolved to derive

¹ Letter of 8th October, 1778.

² "I have never yet seen or heard anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer

all the pleasure he could from the game of life. When he said of the antique, his special hobby, "it pleases me calmly", he expressed what was true of all his tastes. Pleasure he liked indeed, but even that must be without the violence and excitement so repugnant to the eighteenth-century "person of quality". The man of no enthusiasms is destined to be the man of hobbies. It is not true to say that Walpole was attracted from the great to the little, for with him there was no great and no little, but only the amusing. He was at liberty to give the rein to his fancies, and this he did so freely that, where he was most unconventional and sincere, he has been accused of posing and affectation. "What signifies what baubles we pursue? Philosophers make systems, and we simpletons collections; and we are as wise as they—wiser perhaps."¹ Very trifling and very erroneous, it may be said, but not insincere or affected. No man ever showed less inclination to adapt his views of things to those of his contemporaries. When he found Richardson tedious and Sterne silly, he said so, and did not pretend to like them. He was as unmoved by the popularity of a book as Mr. Andrew Lang (who resembles him so much in his persiflage and lightness of touch) by the success of Mr. Hall Caine's novels. It is a disregard like this for popular verdicts that calls from the superficial critic the judgment "the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of men". And this of one in whose views with regard to every department of thought there was a singular harmony! The builder of Strawberry Hill anticipated Scott with "a romance in stone and lime": the Gothic villa by the

Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt—are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture. Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and, as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it; for I find hatred an unjust preference" (Walpole's *Letters*).

¹ Letter of 26th August, 1785.

Thames, like the Gothic villa by the Tweed, was the realized dream of a Romantic. The lover of wild scenery, who went into ecstasies over the Chartreuse,¹ is the same man who revolted against the tame, conventional style of gardening. "You should admire all bold and unique essays that resemble nothing else"²: it is the same with literature as with gardening, natural scenery, and architecture. The admirer of the Scotch Ballads and Percy's Reliques was naturally the author of the *Castle of Otranto* and the progenitor of Scott.

It is largely because of the consistency and unity of the writer's mind³ that the letters, so various and discursive, are interesting. And what a variety there is! "A perfect encyclopædia of information from the very best sources—; politics from the fountain-head of parties, debates by the best of reporters, foreign affairs from an habitué of diplomatic society, sketches of public characters by their intimate acquaintance or associate, the gossip of fashionable life from a man of fashion, literature from a man of letters, the arts from a man of taste, the news of the town from a member of every club in St. James's Street; and all this retailed, day by day, and hour by hour, to a variety of correspondents—*reddendo singula singulis*—according to their various stations, characters, and tastes, by a pen whose vivacity and graphic power is equalled by nothing but the wonderful industry and perseverance with which it was plied through so long a series of years."⁴

The last half of the essay "so flowingly" written can easily be dismissed. Except where the bias against Horace Walpole affects the writer's judgment, the pictures of the politics and statesmen of the day take their place among the most brilliant of even Macaulay's brilliant gallery. Nothing could be more graphic or amusing than his descriptions of Carteret and Newcastle. They give us an idea of what he meant when he said he intended his history to be more interesting than the last novel. No character-painting by any novelist is so

¹ Letter of 30th September, 1739.

² Letter of 30th June, 1789.

³ "Though I dare to say I appear to many capricious and different from the rest of the world, there is more reason in my behaviour than there seems." Walpole to Conway (1777).

⁴ Croker.

realistic or captivating. His character of Sir Robert Walpole is the best we have of the great financier and statesman of the early Hanoverian period. But it is here that the prejudice against the son has led him to be in some points unjust to the father. That Sir Robert Walpole was actuated by love of power and not by love of peace; that he sacrificed the interests of his country to his ambition; and that he held power for twenty years without attempting any important change in our institutions;—these are the charges with which Macaulay seeks to detract from Walpole's greatness. That Walpole was, like Cæsar, "ambitious", must be granted, but ambition is not always a vice. Clinging to office is the stock charge brought against every administration, but where there is a definite policy planned for the good of the country, a statesman, if he is sincere, must desire the opportunity of giving effect to that policy. Much more, when a statesman knows that he stands between the country and ruin, must he desire to retain power at almost any sacrifice. Walpole's ambition, then, may be justified if his continuance in office was distinctly for the benefit of the people, and if his retirement would have exposed them to great hazards.

The period of Walpole's administration was far more critical than we can now realize. Knowing, as we do, how the Jacobite party was shattered and how the exiled Stuart line became extinct, we forget how during all that time there was the standing—often the impending—danger of a Jacobite rebellion and a Stuart restoration. In these circumstances, the one paramount service to be rendered by a statesman was to keep the country free from all entanglements at home and abroad that would have given the enemies of the government the chance they were eagerly looking for. The reform of the House of Commons, the repeal of persecuting laws, and such like, might be excellent measures in themselves, but it would have been criminal folly to insist on these reforms, if they could be carried only at the cost of rousing an opposition that would have played into the hands of the country's worst enemies. It is not to the discredit, but rather to the honour of Sir Robert Walpole, that he

yielded to the storm aroused in the three kingdoms successively by Wood's patent, the Excise Bill, and the Porteous Bill. The opposition, in at least two of these instances, was ignorant and misdirected. But to defer even great reforms till public opinion is ripe for them is the mark of the true statesman.

It is Walpole's glory that, by keeping the country out of war for nearly twenty years, and by turning the energies of the nation into the channels of commerce, he enabled the new dynasty to take firm root in the country, and so conferred on Britain the greatest blessing a people can receive—that of a strong and stable government. His love of peace was not the pretence that Macaulay declares it to have been. "The most pernicious circumstances", said Walpole, "in which this country can be, are those of war; as we must be losers while it lasts, and cannot be great gainers when it ends." The peace he prized so highly and maintained so long was not secured at the expense of the country's interests. "It was not that the honour or influence of England suffered in Walpole's hands, for he won victories by the firmness of his policy and the skill of his negotiations as effectual as those which are won by arms."¹ His drifting into the Spanish War—a war that he knew would expose Britain to the danger he had striven against during his whole career—is the one blot on his splendid record of statesmanship. He may have thought that even though the war was a mistake, it was better for the country that he should be at the head of affairs than that an untried successor, unused to Jacobite intrigues and foreign combinations, should be at the helm in so critical a time. The best justification of his clinging to office, or his ambition, or whatever else it may be called, is that within three years of his fall the country was on the verge of ruin, being embroiled in war with the two greatest European states and being threatened with destruction by civil strife.

It is the pictures of eighteenth-century statesmen in this essay that make us regret that Macaulay did not live to fulfil the plan he laid down for himself in entering on his

¹ J. R. Green, *Short History of England*, p. 709.

great work—"to write the history of England down to a time which is within the memory of men still living". But the design was not entirely unfulfilled. "In spite of all that has been written on the eighteenth century," says a writer in the *Glasgow Herald*,¹ "in spite of Earl Stanhope and Mr. Lecky and the rest of them, there is to be found in some six or seven of Macaulay's *Essays* by far the most vivid and brilliant picture of certain phases of English history during its progress. The literary society of Queen Anne's reign has never been better depicted than in the essay on Addison, nor have the politicians of the time of George II. been more admirably portrayed than in the pages on Horace Walpole. The two papers on the elder Pitt contain a masterly summary of our political history from 1735 to 1778; the splendid monographs on Clive and Warren Hastings not only describe the rise of our Indian Empire, but afford a glimpse of Parliamentary politics in the great days of Burke and Fox, while the essays on Johnson and Madame D'Arblay show us literary London under the reign of the great lexicographer, and the dreary court of Kew and Windsor under the dull, decorous sway of good Queen Charlotte and Farmer George. If to these we add the essays on Sir William Temple and the Restoration Dramatists, we have the best of Macaulay's essays—a series of historic pictures which is not surpassed by anything in literature. . . . In the century which extends from Sir W. Temple to Edmund Burke, Macaulay was almost as much at home as though he had lived in its every decade, and his fragmentary pictures of it have all the value which belongs to works from a supreme authority and a master hand."

3. THE STYLE OF THE ESSAY.

The popularity of Macaulay's style is proved, not only by the enormous circulation of his works, but also by the numberless attempts at imitation which it provoked. It is not too much to say that his style has become the model for all journalists and expositors—for all who want to command

¹ 24th June, 1899.

the ready attention of a wide and popular audience on everyday topics. The faults and disadvantages of the style are glaring enough, but if the popular verdict be decisive in such a matter—as, surely, it ought to be—there is no style more deserving of the student's careful attention and assiduous imitation. We must study other writers for the highest qualities of prose style: Dryden, for masculine energy and impetuous directness; Addison, for refinement, delicacy, and humour; Burke, for unequalled splendour of imagery: De Quincey draws out all the music and the melody of words; Lamb has concentrated in himself all the quaintness and drollery that lurk in our older writers like Fuller and Browne; Carlyle has given us the supreme example of Titanic energy and undisciplined force. But no writer in the whole range of English literature will give us a style with more *serviceable* qualities than Macaulay. Not one person in a thousand will ever need to write with any other qualities of style than Clearness and Vividness, and the great master for these homely and despised, but essential and rare, excellences is Macaulay.

That Clearness or Intelligibility is a necessary quality of style is readily admitted by everyone. Whatever is written is presumably intended to be read. The reader's task, therefore, should be made easy, by the selecting of such words, and the arranging of them in such constructions, as will make the writer's meaning intelligible at a glance. "Economize the reader's attention": that is Herbert Spencer's summary of the rules of composition. Just as the style of handwriting most deserving to be cultivated is that which is the most legible, so the style of composition to be aimed at should be, above all things, absolutely clear and intelligible. "The first rule of all writing—that rule to which every other is subordinate—is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers. All considerations about the purity and dignity of style ought to bend to this consideration."¹ But the writer's task is only half done when he has put

¹ Macaulay to Macvey Napier, 18th April, 1842.

his subject-matter into the most suitable form; he must use every device to stimulate the mind of his reader so that every point will be eagerly grasped and easily retained. The Vigour and Animation of the style must bring the reader into the closest possible contact with the mind of the writer who has already come half-way by the clear arrangement of his thought.

An analysis of the devices used by Macaulay to attain to his matchless combination of Clearness and Force, forms the best training in Composition that can be given to anyone. The student should especially note the following points: the kind and number of the words Macaulay uses; the length and arrangement of his sentence; the structure and sequence of his paragraphs; and his use of the Figures of Speech.

In his choice of words Macaulay is not hampered by a predilection like Johnson's for words of Latin origin, or like Freeman's for words derived from the Anglo-Saxon. He chooses always the most serviceable word—that which most clearly and forcibly expresses his meaning. He does not need to go outside the English language for a word to express all that he has to say; he neither borrows from foreign languages nor coins new words in his own. He may use a homely expression—as in the essay on Milton, 'fee-faw-fum',—rather than have his point missed, but he has a healthy detestation of slang. If he must use a doubtful word, he guards himself by some saving phrase, as in this essay "passages which, *in our school-days*, we used to call *skip*": and in the essay on Pitt—"what is *in our day vulgarly* called *humbug*". He always selected the most telling word, because with his extraordinary memory he could draw upon an inexhaustible vocabulary. The wealth of his vocabulary did not make him wasteful of his words. He was profuse in his illustrations, not diffuse in his language. It is really poverty of language that causes the lavish waste of words. If the one right word is missed, the meaning is perforce expressed by a circumlocution. One secret of Macaulay's animation is to be found in the precision and conciseness of his language.

It is in the length and arrangement of the sentence that we find the most striking characteristic of Macaulay's style. His short, emphatic sentence has become proverbial. The long sentence rarely occurs, and when it does, it is as a set-off to a series of short, staccato sentences that have gone before or are to follow immediately. Even in a long sentence, the construction is never involved, much less heterogeneous. Its length is due to the piling on of phrases of the same sort, rather than to the addition of clauses of diverse rank. The examiner who wishes to find a difficult passage in grammatical analysis can range no poorer hunting-ground than Macaulay's essays. Sentence after sentence is 'simple'; the 'complex', when found, presents no difficulty, even to a beginner.

The arrangement of Macaulay's sentence especially conduces to vividness and force. His style is emphatically 'pointed': he delights in balance, antithesis, epigram. Not only is word set off against word and phrase against phrase, but clause is balanced against clause and sentence against sentence. The first half of the sentence frequently suggests what the second half is to be. The reader's task is thus made easy, when the mind can anticipate, as in Pope's heroic couplet, what is to be said in the latter half of the sentence. This balanced arrangement naturally leads to pointed contrasts in the two halves of the sentence, and in extreme cases to epigrams. Thus we have the following:—

"This Diogenes . . . is a gentleman-usher at heart."

"He preferred an unjust war to a stormy session."

"He was familiar with the malice of kind people and the perfidy of honourable people."

"Liberal of everything else, he was avaricious of nothing but power."

"The party which defended his title was, on general grounds, disposed to curtail his prerogative. The party which was, on general grounds, friendly to prerogative, was adverse to his title."

By this juxtaposition of opposites the greatest prominence is given to each element in the contrast, and the reader's attention is instantaneously seized.

In the arrangement of the paragraph, Macaulay's art is

easily seen. In the opening sentence he often states with emphasis what the subject is to be.¹ If, for the sake of variety, and in order to arouse attention, he has started away from the subject, he does not keep us long in suspense as to what his main point is. If the paragraph is descriptive, the sentences fall into an ascending series, till at last we have a flowing period, in which epithet is piled upon epithet and phrase rolls after phrase, so that we are overwhelmed in the full tide of his eloquence. If the paragraph is argumentative, after maintaining his point—too often with unnecessary iteration and superfluous illustration—he clenches it with one of his curt, emphatic sentences, that never seem so dogmatic or final as when they appear at the close of a paragraph. The judge has given his decision. The last word on the question has been spoken.

The sequence of his paragraphs should be carefully studied. Not only does he confine himself rigidly in each paragraph to one particular point, but one paragraph follows another in the most strictly logical order. The last sentence in one usually supplies the point of departure in the next. To bring out his linking of paragraphs the student should write a *précis* of each one: only by so doing can he fully appreciate the strictness with which Macaulay has adhered to the logical sequence of the different parts of his subject.

Figures of speech are used by Macaulay freely, and they are introduced always with the same object—to add to the clearness and vividness of his pictures and his arguments. What he has said of Dante's similes is true of his own. "They are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn; not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart; but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself." The figures he uses most frequently are the Simile, the Metaphor, Metonymy, and Antithesis. The parallel instance, though not strictly a figure of speech, may be included in the same class as a device for saving intellectual labour. Macaulay's fond-

¹ For examples, see paragraphs 9-17, 23-25, 32.

ness for this device arose from his command over an inexhaustible stock of illustrations gathered from the most various sources. His difficulty seems to have been to stop pouring them out one after another. "He goes on blackening the chimney", says Leslie Stephen, "with a persistency which somehow amuses us because he puts so much heart into his work." The plethora of parallel instances may be excused, however, on the ground that Macaulay, like the orator, used many illustrations so that any reader who failed to grasp one of them might have a chance of getting hold of another. And anyone who understood them all would, by the reiteration, have the clearest and most vivid impression of what Macaulay intended to convey. His pictorial and concrete style succeeded. For the first time young ladies preferred a book of history to a novel, and for the first time a body of working men recorded a vote of thanks to an historian for writing a history which they could understand.

The faults of Macaulay's style have often been pointed out. The abruptness and jerkiness of his short sentences, though impressive and even pleasing at first, become painful.

"It is easy to describe him by negatives. He had not a creative imagination. He had not a pure taste. He was not a great reasoner."¹

"Its constitution was oligarchical. Its deliberations were secret. Its power in the state was immense."²

"The day of retribution had arrived. The opposition reaped that which they had sown. . . . It would have been impossible to satisfy everybody. The conquerors satisfied nobody."³

The effect is increased when to the artificial staccato is added the device of repetition.

"There are passages which seem perfectly unstudied. But the appearance of ease may be the effect of labour. There are passages which have a very artificial air. But they may have been produced without effort, &c."

And then follow three sentences opening with "We are never sure that".⁴ One evil effect of these curt sentences is that all statements, principal and subordinate alike, are put

forward with equal and unrelieved emphasis. Though each by itself gains in clearness by the device, there is a loss in the total effect of the paragraph. The attempt to be emphatic leads also to exaggeration—"a stimulant that stimulates till it loses its power". The perpetually recurring antithesis, and the constant glitter of epigram, become monotonous and even irritating when we discover that what is thereby gained in emphasis is lost in truth. The brilliancy of the style is of the hard, metallic sort, absolutely incompatible with the finer qualities of elasticity and flexibility. The superabundance of illustration, however, is what the unfriendly critic and the mocking parodist have turned to best account in their attempt at ridiculing Macaulay's style.

But while his faults stand out "gross as a mountain, open, palpable", after all deductions have been made there remain sufficient excellences in his style to make it worthy of careful study. Professor Saintsbury's opinion on the point will carry conviction with it: "Fatiguing as his 'snip-snap' sometimes is, yet anyone who speaks of Macaulay's style with contempt seems to me to proclaim himself fatally and finally as a mere 'one-eyed' man in literary appreciation". A similar judgment has been given by Mr. Frederic Harrison, the most recent critic of Macaulay. He says: "The style, with all its defects, has had a solid success and has done great things. By clothing his historical judgments and his critical reflections in these cutting and sonorous periods, he has forced them on the attention of a vast body of readers wherever English is read at all, and on millions who have neither time nor attainments for any regular studies of their own. How many men has Macaulay succeeded in reaching, to whom all other history and criticism is a closed book, or a book in an unknown tongue! If he were a sciolist or a wrong-headed fanatic, this would be a serious evil. But, as he is substantially right in his judgments, brimful of saving common-sense and generous feeling, and profoundly well read in his own periods and his favourite literature, Macaulay has conferred most memorable services on the readers of English throughout the world. He stands between philosophic historians

and the public very much as journals and periodicals stand between the masses and great libraries. Macaulay is a glorified journalist and reviewer, who brings the matured results of scholars to the man in the street in a form that he can remember and enjoy, when he could not make use of a merely learned book. He performs the office of the ballad-maker or story-teller in an age before books were known or were common. And it is largely due to his influence that the best journals and periodicals of our day are written in a style so clear, so direct, so resonant. We need not imitate his mannerism; we may all learn to be outspoken, lucid, and brisk."¹ Thus the unqualified depreciation and unsparing contempt in which a former generation of critics indulged, in their reviews of Macaulay's style, are now giving way to a more impartial judgment and to a more generous acknowledgment of its undoubted merits. One thing is indisputable: Macaulay stands out as a master and a model of the art of exposition. This one excellence may be insufficient by itself to secure for him the highest rank as a writer of prose, but it ought to explain and to justify the popularity of one who has been more widely read than almost any other in the long and brilliant roll of English authors.

¹ *Early Victorian Literature*, pp. 85, 86.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ESSAY.

Introduction; Editor's work commended (1).

A. Horace Walpole and his writings (2-25).

His works literary luxuries, but the product of a diseased mind (2).

I. Horace Walpole's defects (3-21).

1. His mind "a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations" (3).

(a) He regarded serious business as a trifle, and trifles as serious business (4); illustration from his views and his actions in politics (5-6).

(b) His professed Whiggism and anti-monarchical views a mere affectation (7).

(c) He posed as a philosopher superior to party politics (8).

(d) He wanted to be a celebrated author without losing the character of a fine gentleman (9).

2. He had the faults of the author together with those of the fine gentleman (10).

His judgments of literature perverted by his aristocratical prejudices (11), especially his judgment of French literature (12-15).

His knowledge of French (12). His love of French due to its being the language of polite society all over Europe, not to its being the vehicle for the diffusion of English thought (13). His indifference to the important changes going on in France under the influence of English thought (14-15).

[Walpole's merit very rare, though not very high (16).]

3. His limitations—

(a) Weakness in reasoning, illustrated by his explanation of the decline of the arts in England in time of Civil War, and by his criticism of George III.'s gift of books to a college in time of war (17).

(b) Weakness in judging of character—superficial and cynical (18), only outstanding peculiarities seized upon—hence daubs, not portraits (19); illustrated by his judgments of contemporaries (20), in particular by his judgment of Pitt (21).

II. Horace Walpole's excellences—the charm of his writings consists in the art of amusing without exciting: his ingenuity and delight in the *odd* (22); his instinct for the interesting (23).

His letters the best of his works, because there is less room for his characteristic faults of inconsistency and cynicism (24); his skill in letter-writing, due to art or nature? (25).

Transition paragraph — Dover's edition, a journal of events from 1740 to 1760 (26).

B. History of the time as reflected in Horace Walpole's letters (27-64).

The "great Walpolean battle" of 1741-42 (27).

1. Description of Sir Robert Walpole (28-43).

His deficiencies as orator, scholar, wit, fine gentleman (29).

His ability as debater, tactician, man of affairs (30).

His nature not soured by twenty years' experience of power (31).

His practice of bribery—palliated by the tone of the age and the necessity of the time (32-33).

His dominant passion, love of power (34), gratified at the expense of political courage, as illustrated by his inaction with regard to laws against Dissenters, and his neglect of the Highlands (35), and also at the expense of political consistency as illustrated by his action over Wood's patent, the Porteous Bill, the Excise Bill (36), and the Spanish War (37).

His love of power gave rise to a strong opposition (38), consisting of royalties, authors, Tory gentlemen, Whig dissentients or Patriots, and the Boys (39); leading men in the opposition (40).

His fall brought about by a coalition of Tories and discontented Whigs over the unpopularity of the Spanish War (41), and by treachery on his own side, notably by Newcastle (42); Walpole at bay (43).

2. Confusion after Walpole's retirement (44-51).

Policy of the Patriots destitute of practical wisdom (45): their remedies worse than the disease (46).

Policy recommended by constituencies (47-48).

Popular expectations illustrated by Akenside's *Epistle to Curio* (49); disappointed (50-51).

3. Description of Carteret (52-59).

His ability and learning (52) and capacity for affairs (53).

His career and influence with the king (54-55): his administration (56).

His fall (57); his "feelings" after his fall (58).

Horace Walpole's picture of Carteret (59).

4. Description of the Pelhams (60-64).

The Pelhams exceptionally favoured by circumstances (60).

Henry Pelham compared with Walpole (61).

Newcastle, a ready-made satire, a living caricature (62): his one passion, love of power (63); his fall (64).

Essay broken off (65).

DATES BEARING ON THE MATTER OF THE ESSAY.

1716. Septennial Act passed.
1717. *Horace Walpole born in Arlington Street, London* (24th Sept.).
1721. Sir R. Walpole chief minister.
1723. Jacobite plot. Bishop Atterbury banished.
1724. Carteret resigns his secretaryship and becomes Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.
Wood's coinage and "Drapier's Letters".
1727. *Horace Walpole goes to Eton, and continues there till 1734.*
Death of George I.
1730. Quarrel between Walpole and Townshend: Townshend resigns.
1733. The Excise Bill.
1735. *Horace Walpole goes to King's College, Cambridge.*
William Pitt enters Parliament.
1737. Death of Sir R. Walpole's wife. Death of Queen Caroline.
1738. *Horace Walpole appointed Usher of the Exchequer* (= £900 a year, £2000 later).
1739. *Horace Walpole goes on the Grand Tour with the poet Gray.*
War with Spain.
1741. *Horace Walpole returns to England, and enters Parliament as M.P. for Callington.*
1742. Fall of Sir R. Walpole. War with France over the Austrian Succession.
1743. Battle of Dettingen. Henry Pelham becomes Prime Minister.
1744. *Horace Walpole, M.P. for Castle Rising.* Carteret resigns (November).
1745. Battle of Fontenoy. The Jacobite Rebellion: Battle of Prestonpans.
1746. Battles of Falkirk and Culloden.
1747. *Horace Walpole purchases Strawberry Hill.*
1748. Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

1751. Death of Frederick, Prince of Wales.
1754. Death of Henry Pelham: Duke of Newcastle Premier.
1756. Seven Years' War begins.
1757. *Letters from No-Ho to Lien-Chi.* Strawberry Hill Press opens with Gray's Odes.
Walpole M.P. for King's Lynn.
Battle of Plassey.
1758. *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.*
1759. Battles of Minden, Quebec, Quiberon, &c.
1760. Death of George II. Battle of Wandewash.
1761. Pitt resigns his Secretaryship.
1762. *Anecdotes of Painting in England.*
Duke of Newcastle resigns.
1763. *Catalogue of Engravers.* Treaty of Paris.
Wilkes arrested under a general warrant.
1764. *Castle of Otranto.* Conway deprived of his commission.
1765. *Walpole in Paris: his pretended letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau.*
Stamp Act passed.
1766. Stamp Act repealed by the Rockingham Ministry.
1767. Death of Charles Townshend.
1768. *Historic doubts on Richard III.: The Mysterious Mother.*
Walpole retires from Parliament.
- 1768-9. Wilkes elected M.P. for Middlesex, but expelled and declared ineligible.
1771. Last attempt to prevent Parliamentary reporting.
1772. *Grammont's Memoirs* edited and printed by Walpole.
1775. War in America begins with Battle of Lexington.
1776. Declaration of Independence.
1777. Burgoyne surrenders at Saratoga.
1778. War with France. Death of Chatham.
1781. Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown.
1782. Burke's Economic Reform Act.
1783. Treaty of Paris.
1785. *Essay on Modern Gardening.*
1789. French Revolution begins.
1791. *Horace Walpole becomes Earl of Orford.*
1793. War with France. Part of the Whigs support Pitt.
1797. *Death of Horace Walpole.*

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ESSAY ON HORACE WALPOLE

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany. Now first published from the Originals in the possession of the Earl of WALDGRAVE. Edited by Lord DOVER. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1833.

§ 1. We cannot transcribe this title-page without 1
strong feelings of regret. The editing of these
volumes was the last of the useful and modest ser-
vices rendered to literature by a nobleman of amiable
manners, of untarnished public and private character,
and of cultivated mind. On this, as on other occa-
sions, Lord Dover performed his part diligently,
judiciously, and without the slightest ostentation.
He had two merits which are rarely found together
in a commentator. He was content to be merely 10
a commentator, to keep in the background, and to
leave the foreground to the author whom he had
undertaken to illustrate. Yet, though willing to be
an attendant, he was by no means a slave; nor did he
consider it as part of his duty to see no faults in the
writer to whom he faithfully and assiduously rendered
the humblest literary offices.

§ 2. The faults of Horace Walpole's head and
heart are indeed sufficiently glaring. His writings,
it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of in- 20
tellectual epicures as the Strasburg pies among the

1 dishes described in the *Almanach des Gourmands*. But as the *pâté-de-foie-gras* owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole.

§ 3. He was, unless we have formed a very erroneous judgment of his character, the most eccentric,
10 the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of men. His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man. He played innumerable parts, and over-acted them all. When he talked misanthropy, he out-Timoned Timon. When he talked philanthropy, he left Howard at an immeasurable distance. He scoffed
20 at courts, and kept a chronicle of their most trifling scandal; at society, and was blown about by its slightest veerings of opinion; at literary fame, and left fair copies of his private letters, with copious notes, to be published after his decease; at rank, and never for a moment forgot that he was an Honourable; at the practice of entail, and tasked the ingenuity of conveyancers to tie up his villa in the strictest settlement.

§ 4. The conformation of his mind was such that
30 whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little. Serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business. To chat with blue-stockings, to write little copies of complimentary verses on little occasions, to superintend a private press, to preserve from natural decay

the perishable topics of Ranelagh and White's, to 1
record divorces and bets, Miss Chudleigh's absurdities
and George Selwyn's good sayings, to decorate a
grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure
rare engravings and antique chimney-boards, to match
odd gauntlets, to lay out a maze of walks within five
acres of ground, these were the grave employments
of his long life. From these he turned to politics as
to an amusement. After the labours of the print-shop
and the auction-room he unbent his mind in the 10
House of Commons. And having indulged in the
recreation of making laws and voting millions, he
returned to more important pursuits, to researches
after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe
which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight,
and the spur which King William struck into the flank
of Sorrel.

§ 5. In everything in which Walpole busied himself,
in the fine arts, in literature, in public affairs, he was
drawn by some strange attraction from the great to 20
the little, and from the useful to the odd. The
politics in which he took the keenest interest were
politics scarcely deserving of the name. The growl-
ings of George the Second, the flirtations of Princess
Emily with the Duke of Grafton, the amours of Prince
Frederic and Lady Middlesex, the squabbles between
Gold Stick in Waiting and the Master of the Buck-
hounds, the disagreements between the tutors of
Prince George, these matters engaged almost all the
attention which Walpole could spare from matters 30
more important still, from bidding for Zinckes and
Petitots, from cheapening fragments of tapestry and
handles of old lances, from joining bits of painted
glass, and from setting up memorials of departed cats
and dogs. While he was fetching and carrying the

- 1 gossip of Kensington Palace and Carlton House, he fancied that he was engaged in politics, and when he recorded that gossip, he fancied that he was writing history.

§ 6. He was, as he has himself told us, fond of faction as an amusement. He loved mischief: but he loved quiet; and he was constantly on the watch for opportunities of gratifying both his tastes at once. He sometimes contrived, without showing himself, to
10 disturb the course of ministerial negotiations and to spread confusion through the political circles. He does not himself pretend that on these occasions he was actuated by public spirit; nor does he appear to have had any private advantage in view. He thought it a good practical joke to set public men together by the ears; and he enjoyed their perplexities, their accusations, and their recriminations, as a malicious boy enjoys the embarrassment of a misdirected traveller.

- 20 § 7. About politics, in the high sense of the word, he knew nothing and cared nothing. He called himself a Whig. His father's son could scarcely assume any other name. It pleased him also to affect a foolish dislike of kings as kings, and a foolish love and admiration of rebels as rebels: and perhaps, while kings were not in danger, and while rebels were not in being, he really believed that he held the doctrines which he professed. To go no further than the letters now before us, he is perpetually boasting to his friend
30 Mann of his aversion to royalty and to royal persons. He calls the crime of Damien "that least bad of murders, the murder of a king". He hung up in his villa an engraving of the death-warrant of Charles, with the inscription "*Major Charta*". Yet the most superficial knowledge of history might have taught

him that the Restoration, and the crimes and follies 1
of the twenty-eight years which followed the Restoration, were the effects of this Greater Charter. Nor
was there much in the means by which that instrument was obtained that could gratify a judicious lover
of liberty. A man must hate kings very bitterly
before he can think it desirable that the representatives of the people should be turned out of doors by
dragoons, in order to get at a king's head. Walpole's
Whiggism, however, was of a very harmless kind. He 10
kept it, as he kept the old spears and helmets at
Strawberry Hill, merely for show. He would just as
soon have thought of taking down the arms of the
ancient Templars and Hospitallers from the walls of
his hall, and setting off on a crusade to the Holy
Land, as of acting in the spirit of those daring
warriors and statesmen, great even in their errors,
whose names and seals were affixed to the warrant
which he prized so highly. He liked revolution and
regicide only when they were a hundred years old. 20
His republicanism, like the courage of a bully, or the
love of a fribble, was strong and ardent when there
was no occasion for it, and subsided when he had an
opportunity of bringing it to the proof. As soon as
the revolutionary spirit really began to stir in Europe,
as soon as the hatred of kings became something
more than a sonorous phrase, he was frightened into
a fanatical royalist, and became one of the most
extravagant alarmists of those wretched times. In
truth, his talk about liberty, whether he knew it or 30
not, was from the beginning a mere cant, the remains
of a phraseology which had meant something in the
mouths of those from whom he had learned it, but
which, in his mouth, meant about as much as the
oath by which the knights of some modern orders

1 bind themselves to redress the wrongs of all injured ladies. He had been fed in his boyhood with Whig speculations on government. He must often have seen, at Houghton or in Downing Street, men who had been Whigs when it was as dangerous to be a Whig as to be a highwayman, men who had voted for the Exclusion Bill, who had been concealed in garrets and cellars after the battle of Sedgemoor, and who
10 live and die with the Prince of Orange. He had acquired the language of these men, and he repeated it by rote, though it was at variance with all his tastes and feelings; just as some old Jacobite families persisted in praying for the Pretender, and in passing their glasses over the water-decanter when they drank the king's health, long after they had become loyal supporters of the government of George the Third. He was a Whig by the accident of hereditary connection; but he was essentially a courtier; and not
20 the less a courtier because he pretended to sneer at the objects which excited his admiration and envy. His real tastes perpetually show themselves through the thin disguise. While professing all the contempt of Bradshaw or Ludlow for crowned heads, he took the trouble to write a book concerning royal authors. He pried with the utmost anxiety into the most minute particulars relating to the royal family. When he was a child he was haunted with a longing to see George the First, and gave his mother no peace till
30 she had found a way of gratifying his curiosity. The same feeling, covered with a thousand disguises, attended him to the grave. No observation that dropped from the lips of Majesty seemed to him too trifling to be recorded. The French songs of Prince Frederic, compositions certainly not deserving

of preservation on account of their intrinsic merit, have been carefully preserved for us by this contemner of royalty. In truth, every page of Walpole's works bewrays him. This Diogenes, who would be thought to prefer his tub to a palace, and who has nothing to ask of the masters of Windsor and Versailles but that they will stand out of his light, is a gentleman-usher at heart. 1

§ 8. He had, it is plain, an uneasy consciousness of the frivolity of his favourite pursuits; and this consciousness produced one of the most diverting of his ten thousand affectations. His busy idleness, his indifference to matters which the world generally regards as important, his passion for trifles, he thought fit to dignify with the name of philosophy. He spoke of himself as of a man whose equanimity was proof to ambitious hopes and fears, who had learned to rate power, wealth, and fame at their true value, and whom the conflict of parties, the rise and fall of statesmen, the ebb and flow of public opinion, moved only to a smile of mingled passion and disdain. It was owing to the peculiar elevation of his character that he cared about a pinnacle of lath and plaster more than about the Middlesex election, and about a miniature of Grammont more than about the American Revolution. Pitt and Murray might talk themselves hoarse about trifles. But questions of government and war were too insignificant to detain a mind which was occupied in recording the scandal of club-rooms and the whispers of the back-stairs, and which was even capable of selecting and disposing chairs of ebony and shields of rhinoceros-skin. 10 20 30

§ 9. One of his innumerable whims was an extreme unwillingness to be considered a man of letters. Not that he was indifferent to literary fame. Far from it.

- 1 Scarcely any writer has ever troubled himself so much about the appearance which his works were to make before posterity. But he had set his heart on incompatible objects. He wished to be a celebrated author, and yet to be a mere idle gentleman, one of those Epicurean gods of the earth who do nothing at all, and who pass their existence in the contemplation of their own perfections. He did not like to have anything in common with the wretches who lodged
- 10 in the little courts behind St. Martin's Church, and stole out on Sundays to dine with their bookseller. He avoided the society of authors. He spoke with lordly contempt of the most distinguished among them. He tried to find out some way of writing books, as M. Jourdain's father sold cloth, without derogating from his character of *Gentilhomme*. "Lui, marchand? C'est pure médisance: il ne l'a jamais été. Tout ce qu'il faisait, c'est qu'il était fort obligeant, fort officieux; et comme il se connaissait
- 20 fort bien en étoffes, il en allait choisir de tous les côtés, les faisait apporter chez lui, et en donnait à ses amis pour de l'argent." There are several amusing instances of Walpole's feeling on this subject in the letters now before us. Mann had complimented him on the learning which appeared in the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*; and it is curious to see how impatiently Walpole bore the imputation of having attended to anything so unfashionable as the improvement of his mind. "I know nothing. How should
- 30 I? I who have always lived in the big busy world; who lie a-bed all the morning, calling it morning as long as you please; who sup in company; who have played at faro half my life, and now at loo till two and three in the morning; who have always loved pleasure; haunted auctions. . . . How I have laughed when

some of the Magazines have called me the learned gentleman. Pray don't be like the Magazines." This folly might be pardoned in a boy. But a man between forty and fifty years old, as Walpole then was, ought to be quite as much ashamed of playing at loo till three every morning as of being that vulgar thing, a learned gentleman. 1

§ 10. The literary character has undoubtedly its full share of faults, and of very serious and offensive faults. If Walpole had avoided those faults, we could have 10 pardoned the fastidiousness with which he declined all fellowship with men of learning. But from those faults Walpole was not one jot more free than the garreteers from whose contact he shrank. Of literary meannesses and literary vices his life and his works contain as many instances as the life and the works of any member of Johnson's club. The fact is that Walpole had the faults of Grub Street, with a large addition from St. James's Street, the vanity, the jealousy, the irritability of a man of letters, the affected 20 superciliousness and apathy of a man of *ton*.

§ 11. His judgment of literature, of contemporary literature especially, was altogether perverted by his aristocratical feelings. No writer surely was ever guilty of so much false and absurd criticism. He almost invariably speaks with contempt of those books which are now universally allowed to be the best that appeared in his time; and, on the other hand, he speaks of writers of rank and fashion as if they were entitled to the same precedence in literature which 30 would have been allowed to them in a drawing-room. In these letters, for example, he says that he would rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee than Thomson's *Seasons*. The periodical paper called *The World*, on the other hand, was by "our first writers".

- 1 Who, then, were the first writers of England in the year 1753? Walpole has told us in a note. Our readers will probably guess that Hume, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Johnson, Warburton, Collins, Akenside, Gray, Dyer, Young, Warton, Mason, or some of those distinguished men, were in the list. Not one of them. Our first writers, it seems, were Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, Mr. W. Whithed, Sir Charles Williams, Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Cambridge,
- 10 Mr. Coventry. Of these seven personages, Whithed was the lowest in station, but was the most accomplished tuft-hunter of his time. Coventry was of a noble family. The other five had among them two seats in the House of Lords, two seats in the House of Commons, three seats in the Privy Council, a baronetcy, a blue riband, a red riband, about a hundred thousand pounds a year, and not ten pages that are worth reading. The writings of Whithed, Cambridge, Coventry, and Lord Bath are forgotten.
- 20 Soame Jenyns is remembered chiefly by Johnson's review of the foolish essay on the "Origin of Evil". Lord Chesterfield stands much lower in the estimation of posterity than he would have done if his letters had never been published. The lampoons of Sir Charles Williams are now read only by the curious, and, though not without occasional flashes of wit, have always seemed to us, we must own, very poor performances.

§ 12. Walpole judged of French literature after the

30 same fashion. He understood and loved the French language. Indeed he loved it too well. His style is more deeply tainted with Gallicism than that of any other English writer with whom we are acquainted. His composition often reads, for a page together, like a rude translation from the French. We meet every

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minute with such sentences as these, "One knows 1
what temperaments Annibal Caracci painted". "The
impertinent personage!" "She is dead rich." "Lord
Dalkeith is dead of the small-pox in three days." "It
will now be seen whether he or they are most patriot."

§ 13. His love of the French language was of a
peculiar kind. He loved it as having been for a
century the vehicle of all the polite nothings of Europe,
as the sign by which the freemasons of fashion recog-
nized each other in every capital from Petersburg to 10
Naples, as the language of raillery, as the language of
anecdote, as the language of memoirs, as the language
of correspondence. Its higher uses he altogether dis-
regarded. The literature of France has been to ours
what Aaron was to Moses, the expositor of great truths
which would else have perished for want of a voice to
utter them with distinctness. The relation which ex-
isted between Mr. Bentham and M. Dumont is an
exact illustration of the intellectual relation in which
the two countries stand to each other. The great 20
discoveries in physics, in metaphysics, in political
science, are ours. But scarcely any foreign nation
except France has received them from us by direct
communication. Isolated by our situation, isolated by
our manners, we found truth, but we did not impart
it. France has been the interpreter between England
and mankind.

§ 14. In the time of Walpole, this process of in-
terpretation was in full activity. The great French
writers were busy in proclaiming through Europe the 30
names of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke. The
English principles of toleration, the English respect for
personal liberty, the English doctrine that all power is
a trust for the public good were making rapid progress.
There is scarcely anything in history so interesting as

1 that great stirring up of the mind of France, that shaking of the foundations of all established opinions, that uprooting of old truth and old error. It was plain that mighty principles were at work whether for evil or for good. It was plain that a great change in the whole social system was at hand. Fanatics of one kind might anticipate a golden age, in which men should live under the simple dominion of reason, in perfect equality and perfect amity, without property, or marriage, or king, or God. A fanatic of another kind
10 might see nothing in the doctrines of the philosophers but anarchy and atheism, might cling more closely to every old abuse, and might regret the good old days when St. Dominic and Simon de Montfort put down the growing heresies of Provence. A wise man would have seen with regret the excesses into which the reformers were running; but he would have done justice to their genius and to their philanthropy. He would have censured their errors; but he would have
20 remembered that, as Milton has said, error is but opinion in the making. While he condemned their hostility to religion, he would have acknowledged that it was the natural effect of a system under which religion had been constantly exhibited to them in forms which common sense rejected and at which humanity shuddered. While he condemned some of their political doctrines as incompatible with all law, all property, and all civilization, he would have acknowledged that the subjects of Louis the Fifteenth had every excuse
30 which men could have for being eager to pull down, and for being ignorant of the far higher art of setting up. While anticipating a fierce conflict, a great and wide-wasting destruction, he would yet have looked forward to the final close with a good hope for France and for mankind.

§ 15. Walpole had neither hopes nor fears. Though the most Frenchified English writer of the eighteenth century, he troubled himself little about the portents which were daily to be discerned in the French literature of his time. While the most eminent Frenchmen were studying with enthusiastic delight English politics and English philosophy, he was studying as intently the gossip of the old court of France. The fashions and scandal of Versailles and Marli, fashions and scandal a hundred years old, occupied him infinitely more than a great moral revolution which was taking place in his sight. He took a prodigious interest in every noble sharper whose vast volume of wig and infinite length of riband had figured at the dressing or at the tucking up of Louis the Fourteenth, and of every profligate woman of quality who had carried her train of lovers backward and forward from king to parliament, and from parliament to king, during the wars of the *Fronde*. These were the people of whom he treasured up the smallest memorial, of whom he loved to hear the most trifling anecdote, and for whose likenesses he would have given any price. Of the great French writers of his own time, Montesquieu is the only one of whom he speaks with enthusiasm. And even of Montesquieu he speaks with less enthusiasm than of that abject thing, Crébillon the younger, a scribbler as licentious as Louvet and as dull as Rapin. A man must be strangely constituted who can take interest in pedantic journals of the blockades laid by the Duke of A. to the hearts of the Marquise de B. and the Comtesse de C. This trash Walpole extols in language sufficiently high for the merits of Don Quixote. He wished to possess a likeness of Crébillon; and Liotard, the first painter of miniatures then living, was employed to preserve the features of the profligate

1 dunce. The admirer of the *Sopha* and of the *Lettres athéniennes* had little respect to spare for the men who were then at the head of French literature. He kept carefully out of their way. He tried to keep other people from paying them any attention. He could not deny that Voltaire and Rousseau were clever men; but he took every opportunity of depreciating them. Of D'Alembert he spoke with a contempt which, when the intellectual powers of the two men are compared,
10 seems exquisitely ridiculous. D'Alembert complained that he was accused of having written Walpole's squib against Rousseau. "I hope", says Walpole, "that nobody will attribute D'Alembert's works to me." He was in little danger.

§ 16. It is impossible to deny, however, that Walpole's writings have real merit, and merit of a very rare, though not of a very high kind. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that, though nobody would for a moment compare Claude to Raphael, there would be another
20 Raphael before there was another Claude. And we own that we expect to see fresh Humes and fresh Burkes before we again fall in with that peculiar combination of moral and intellectual qualities to which the writings of Walpole owe their extraordinary popularity.

§ 17. It is easy to describe him by negatives. He had not a creative imagination. He had not a pure taste. He was not a great reasoner. There is indeed scarcely any writer in whose works it would be possible
30 to find so many contradictory judgments, so many sentences of extravagant nonsense. Nor was it only in his familiar correspondence that he wrote in this flighty and inconsistent manner, but in long and elaborate books, in books repeatedly transcribed and intended for the public eye. We will give an instance

or two; for without instances, readers not very familiar 1
with his works will scarcely understand our meaning.
In the *Anecdotes of Painting* he states, very truly,
that the art declined after the commencement of the
civil wars. He proceeds to inquire why this happened.
The explanation, we should have thought, would have
been easily found. He might have mentioned the loss
of a king who was the most munificent and judicious
patron that the fine arts have ever had in England, the
troubled state of the country, the distressed condition 10
of many of the aristocracy, perhaps also the austerity
of the victorious party. These circumstances, we
conceive, fully account for the phenomenon. But this
solution was not odd enough to satisfy Walpole. He
discovers another cause for the decline of the art, the
want of models. Nothing worth painting, it seems,
was left to paint. "How picturesque", he exclaims,
"was the figure of an Anabaptist!"—as if puritanism
had put out the sun and withered the trees; as if the
civil wars had blotted out the expression of character 20
and passion from the human lip and brow; as if many
of the men whom Vandyke painted had not been
living in the time of the Commonwealth, with faces
little the worse for wear; as if many of the beauties
afterwards portrayed by Lely were not in their prime
before the Restoration; as if the garb or the features
of Cromwell and Milton were less picturesque than
those of the round-faced peers, as like each other as
eggs to eggs, who look out from the middle of the
periwigs of Kneller. In the *Memoirs*, again, Walpole 30
sneers at the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the
Third, for presenting a collection of books to one of the
American colleges during the Seven Years' War, and
says that, instead of books, His Royal Highness ought
to have sent arms and ammunition; as if a war ought

He copied from the life only those glaring and obvious peculiarities which could not escape the most superficial observation. The rest of the canvass he filled up, in a careless dashing way, with knave and fool, mixed in such proportions as pleased Heaven. What a difference between these daubs and the masterly portraits of Clarendon!

§ 20. There are contradictions without end in the sketches of character which abound in Walpole's works. But if we were to form our opinion of his eminent contemporaries from a general survey of what he has written concerning them, we should say that Pitt was a strutting, ranting, mouthing actor, Charles Townshend an impudent and voluble jack-pudding, Murray a demure, cold-blooded, cowardly hypocrite, Hardwicke an insolent upstart, with the understanding of a pettifogger and the heart of a hangman, Temple an impertinent poltroon, Egmont a solemn coxcomb, Lyttelton a poor creature whose only wish was to go to heaven in a coronet, Onslow a pompous proser, Washington a braggart, Lord Camden sullen, Lord Townshend malevolent, Secker an atheist who had shammed Christian for a mitre, Whitefield an impostor who swindled his converts out of their watches. The Walpoles fare little better than their neighbours. Old Horace is constantly represented as a coarse, brutal, niggardly buffoon, and his son as worthy of such a father. In short, if we are to trust this discerning judge of human nature, England in his time contained little sense and no virtue, except what was distributed between himself, Lord Waldgrave, and Marshal Conway.

§ 21. Of such a writer it is scarcely necessary to say that his works are destitute of every charm which is derived from elevation or from tenderness of senti-

1 ment. When he chose to be humane and magnanimous—for he sometimes, by way of variety, tried this affectation—he overdid his part most ludicrously. None of his many disguises sat so awkwardly upon him. For example, he tells us that he did not choose to be intimate with Mr. Pitt. And why? Because Mr. Pitt had been among the persecutors of his father? Or because, as he repeatedly assures us, Mr. Pitt was a disagreeable man in private life? Not at
10 all; but because Mr. Pitt was too fond of war, and was great with too little reluctance. Strange that a habitual scoffer like Walpole should imagine that this cant could impose on the dullest reader! If Molière had put such a speech into the mouth of Tartuffe, we should have said that the fiction was unskilful, and that Orgon could not have been such a fool as to be taken in by it. Of the twenty-six years during which Walpole sat in parliament, thirteen were years of war. Yet he did not, during all those thirteen years, utter
20 a single word or give a single vote tending to peace. His most intimate friend, the only friend, indeed, to whom he appears to have been sincerely attached, Conway, was a soldier, was fond of his profession, and was perpetually entreating Mr. Pitt to give him employment. In this Walpole saw nothing but what was admirable. Conway was a hero for soliciting the command of expeditions which Mr. Pitt was a monster for sending out.

§ 22. What then is the charm, the irresistible charm,
30 of Walpole's writings? It consists, we think, in the art of amusing without exciting. He never convinces the reason, or fills the imagination, or touches the heart; but he keeps the mind of the reader constantly attentive, and constantly entertained. He had a strange ingenuity peculiarly his own, an ingenuity

which appeared in all that he did, in his building, in 1
his gardening, in his upholstery, in the matter and in
the manner of his writings. If we were to adopt the
classification, not a very accurate classification, which
Akenside has given of the pleasures of the imagination,
we should say that with the Sublime and the
Beautiful Walpole had nothing to do, but that the
third province, the Odd, was his peculiar domain.
The motto which he prefixed to his *Catalogue of*
Royal and Noble Authors might have been inscribed 10
with perfect propriety over the door of every room in
his house, and on the title-page of every one of his
books; "Dove diavolo, Messer Ludovico, avete pigli-
ate tante coglionerie?" In his villa, every apartment
is a museum; every piece of furniture is a curiosity,
there is something strange in the form of the shovel;
there is a long story belonging to the bell-rope. We
wander among a profusion of rarities, of trifling in-
trinsic value, but so quaint in fashion, or connected 20
with such remarkable names and events, that they may
well detain our attention for a moment. A moment is
enough. Some new relic, some new unique, some
new carved work, some new enamel, is forthcoming
in an instant. One cabinet of trinkets is no sooner
closed than another is opened. It is the same with
Walpole's writings. It is not in their utility, it is not
in their beauty, that their attraction lies. They are to
the works of great historians and poets what Strawberry
Hill is to the Museum of Sir Hans Sloane or to
the Gallery of Florence. Walpole is constantly show- 30
ing us things, not of very great value indeed, yet
things which we are pleased to see, and which we can
see nowhere else. They are baubles; but they are
made curiosities either by his grotesque workmanship
or by some association belonging to them. His style

1 is one of those peculiar styles by which everybody is attracted, and which nobody can safely venture to imitate. He is a mannerist whose manner has become perfectly easy to him. His affectation is so habitual and so universal that it can hardly be called affectation. The affectation is the essence of the man. It pervades all his thoughts and all his expressions. If it were taken away, nothing would be left. He coins new words, distorts the senses of old words, and twists
10 sentences into forms which make grammarians stare. But all this he does, not only with an air of ease, but as if he could not help doing it. His wit was, in its essential properties, of the same kind with that of Cowley and Donne. Like theirs, it consisted in an exquisite perception of points of analogy and points of contrast too subtle for common observation. Like them, Walpole perpetually startles us by the ease with which he yokes together ideas between which there would seem, at first sight, to be no connection. But
20 he did not, like them, affect the gravity of a lecture, and draw his illustrations from the laboratory and from the schools. His tone was light and fleering; his topics were the topics of the club and the ball-room; and therefore his strange combinations and far-fetched allusions, though very closely resembling those which tire us to death in the poems of the time or Charles the First, are read with pleasure constantly new.

§ 23. No man who has written so much is so seldom tiresome. In his books there are scarcely any of those
30 passages which, in our school days, we used to call *skip*. Yet he often wrote on subjects which are generally considered as dull, on subjects which men of great talents have in vain endeavoured to render popular. When we compare the *Historic Doubts about Richard the Third* with Whitaker's and Chal-

mers' books on a far more interesting question, the 1
character of Mary Queen of Scots; when we compare
the *Anecdotes of Painting* with the works of Anthony
Wood, of Nichols, of Granger, we at once see Wal-
pole's superiority, not in industry, not in learning, not
in accuracy, not in logical power, but in the art of
writing what people will like to read. He rejects all
but the attractive parts of his subject. He keeps only
what is in itself amusing, or what can be made so by
the artifice of his diction. The coarser morsels of 10
antiquarian learning he abandons to others, and sets
out an entertainment worthy of a Roman epicure,
an entertainment consisting of nothing but delicacies,
the brains of singing birds, the roe of mullets, the
sunny halves of peaches. This, we think, is the great
merit of his romance. There is little skill in the
delineation of the characters. Manfred is as common-
place a tyrant, Jerome as commonplace a confessor,
Theodore as commonplace a young gentleman, Isa-
bella and Matilda as commonplace a pair of young 20
ladies, as are to be found in any of the thousand
Italian castles in which *condottieri* have revelled or in
which imprisoned duchesses have pined. We cannot
say that we much admire the big man whose sword is
dug up in one quarter of the globe, whose helmet
drops from the clouds in another, and who, after
clattering and rustling for some days, ends by kicking
the house down. But the story, whatever its value
may be, never flags for a single moment. There are
no digressions, or unseasonable descriptions, or long 30
speeches. Every sentence carries the action forward.
The excitement is constantly renewed. Absurd as is
the machinery, insipid as are the human actors, no
reader probably ever thought the book dull.

§ 24. Walpole's Letters are generally considered as

- 1 his best performances, and, we think, with reason. His faults are far less offensive to us in his correspondence than in his books. His wild, absurd, and ever-changing opinions about men and things are easily pardoned in familiar letters. His bitter, scoffing, depreciating disposition does not show itself in so unmitigated a manner as in his *Memoirs*. A writer of letters must in general be civil and friendly to his correspondent at least, if to no other person.
- 10 § 25. He loved letter-writing, and had evidently studied it as an art. It was, in truth, the very kind of writing for such a man, for a man very ambitious to rank among wits, yet nervously afraid that, while obtaining the reputation of a wit, he might lose caste as a gentleman. There was nothing vulgar in writing a letter. Not even Ensign Northerton, not even the Captain described in *Hamilton's Bawn*—and Walpole, though the author of many quartos, had some feelings in common with those gallant officers—would
- 20 have denied that a gentleman might sometimes correspond with a friend. Whether Walpole bestowed much labour on the composition of his letters, it is impossible to judge from internal evidence. There are passages which seem perfectly unstudied. But the appearance of ease may be the effect of labour. There are passages which have a very artificial air. But they may have been produced without effort by a mind of which the natural ingenuity had been improved into morbid quickness by constant exercise. We are never
- 30 sure that we see him as he was. We are never sure that what appears to be nature is not disguised art. We are never sure that what appears to be art is not merely habit which has become second nature.
- § 26. In wit and animation the present collection is not superior to those which have preceded it. But it

has one great advantage over them all. It forms a 1
connected whole, a regular journal of what appeared
to Walpole the most important transactions of the last
twenty years of George the Second's reign. It fur-
nishes much new information concerning the history
of that time, the portion of English history of which
common readers know the least.

§ 27. The earlier letters contain the most lively and
interesting account which we possess of that "great
Walpolean battle", to use the words of Junius, which 10
terminated in the retirement of Sir Robert. Horace
entered the House of Commons just in time to witness
the last desperate struggle which his father, surrounded
by enemies and traitors, maintained, with a spirit as
brave as that of the column of Fontenoy, first for
victory, and then for honourable retreat. Horace was,
of course, on the side of his family. Lord Dover
seems to have been enthusiastic on the same side,
and goes so far as to call Sir Robert "the glory of the
Whigs". 20

§ 28. Sir Robert deserved this high eulogium, we
think, as little as he deserved the abusive epithets
which have often been coupled with his name. A
fair character of him still remains to be drawn: and
whenever it shall be drawn, it will be equally unlike
the portrait by Coxe and the portrait by Smollett.

§ 29. He had, undoubtedly, great talents and great
virtues. He was not, indeed, like the leaders of the
party which opposed his Government, a brilliant
orator. He was not a profound scholar, like Carteret, 30
or a wit and a fine gentleman, like Chesterfield. In
all these respects his deficiencies were remarkable.
His literature consisted of a scrap or two of Horace
and an anecdote or two from the end of the Dictionary.
His knowledge of history was so limited that, in the

1 great debate on the Excise Bill, he was forced to ask Attorney-General Yorke who Empson and Dudley were. His manners were a little too coarse and boisterous even for that age of Westerns and Topshalls. When he ceased to talk of politics, he could talk of nothing but women; and he dilated on his favourite theme with a freedom which shocked even that plain-spoken generation, and which was quite unsuited to his age and station. The noisy revelry of
10 his summer festivities at Houghton gave much scandal to grave people, and annually drove his kinsman and colleague, Lord Townshend, from the neighbouring mansion of Rainham.

§ 30. But, however ignorant Walpole might be of general history and of general literature, he was better acquainted than any man of his day with what it concerned him most to know, mankind, the English nation, the Court, the House of Commons, and the Treasury. Of foreign affairs he knew little; but his
20 judgment was so good that his little knowledge went very far. He was an excellent parliamentary debater, an excellent parliamentary tactician, an excellent man of business. No man ever brought more industry or more method to the transacting of affairs. No minister in his time did so much; yet no minister had so much leisure.

§ 31. He was a good-natured man who had during thirty years seen nothing but the worst parts of human nature in other men. He was familiar with the malice
30 of kind people, and the perfidy of honourable people. Proud men had licked the dust before him. Patriots had begged him to come up to the price of their puffed and advertised integrity. He said after his fall that it was a dangerous thing to be a minister, that there were few minds which would not be injured by the constant

spectacle of meanness and depravity. To his honour 1
it must be confessed that few minds have come out of
such a trial so little damaged in the most important
parts. He retired, after more than twenty years of
supreme power, with a temper not soured, with a heart
not hardened, with simple tastes, with frank manners,
and with a capacity for friendship. No stain of
treachery, of ingratitude, or of cruelty rests on his
memory. Factious hatred, while flinging on his name
every other foul aspersion, was compelled to own that 10
he was not a man of blood. This would scarcely seem
a high eulogium on a statesman of our times. It was
then a rare and honourable distinction. The contests
of parties in England had long been carried on with a
ferocity unworthy of a civilized people. Sir Robert
Walpole was the minister who gave to our Government
that character of lenity which it has since generally
preserved. It was perfectly known to him that many
of his opponents had dealings with the Pretender.
The lives of some were at his mercy. He wanted 20
neither Whig nor Tory precedents for using his ad-
vantage unsparingly. But with a clemency to which
posterity has never done justice, he suffered himself
to be thwarted, vilified, and at last overthrown by a
party which included many men whose necks were in
his power.

§ 32. That he practised corruption on a large scale
is, we think, indisputable. But whether he deserves
all the invectives which have been uttered against him
on that account may be questioned. No man ought 30
to be severely censured for not being beyond his age
in virtue. To buy the votes of constituents is as im-
moral as to buy the votes of representatives. The
candidate who gives five guineas to the freeman is as
culpable as the man who gives three hundred guineas

1 to the member. Yet we know that, in our own time, no man is thought wicked or dishonourable, no man is cut, no man is black-balled, because, under the old system of election, he was returned in the only way in which he could be returned, for East Retford, for Liverpool, or for Stafford. Walpole governed by corruption because, in his time, it was impossible to govern otherwise. Corruption was unnecessary to the Tudors; for their Parliaments were feeble. The public
10 licity which has of late years been given to parliamentary proceedings has raised the standard of morality among public men. The power of public opinion is so great that, even before the reform of the representation, a faint suspicion that a minister had given pecuniary gratifications to members of Parliament in return for their votes would have been enough to ruin him. But, during the century which followed the Restoration, the House of Commons was in that situation in which assemblies must be managed by
20 corruption, or cannot be managed at all. It was not held in awe, as in the sixteenth century, by the throne. It was not held in awe, as in the nineteenth century, by the opinion of the people. Its constitution was oligarchical. Its deliberations were secret. Its power in the state was immense. The Government had every conceivable motive to offer bribes. Many of the members, if they were not men of strict honour and probity, had no conceivable motive to refuse what the Government offered. In the reign of Charles the
30 Second, accordingly, the practice of buying votes in the House of Commons was commenced by the daring Clifford, and carried to a great extent by the crafty and shameless Danby. The Revolution, great and manifold as were the blessings of which it was directly or remotely the cause, at first aggravated this evil. The

importance of the House of Commons was now greater 1
than ever. The prerogatives of the Crown were more
strictly limited than ever; and those associations in
which, more than in its legal prerogatives, its power
had consisted, were completely broken. No prince
was ever in so helpless and distressing a situation as
William the Third. The party which defended his
title was, on general grounds, disposed to curtail his
prerogative. The party which was, on general grounds,
friendly to prerogative, was adverse to his title. There 10
was no quarter in which both his office and his person
could find favour. But while the influence of the House
of Commons in the Government was becoming para-
mount, the influence of the people over the House of
Commons was declining. It mattered little in the
time of Charles the First whether that House were or
were not chosen by the people; it was certain to act for
the people, because it would have been at the mercy
of the Court but for the support of the people. Now
that the Court was at the mercy of the House of 20
Commons, those members who were not returned by
popular election had nobody to please but themselves.
Even those who were returned by popular election did
not live, as now, under a constant sense of respon-
sibility. The constituents were not, as now, daily
apprised of the votes and speeches of their representa-
tives. The privileges which had in old times been
indispensably necessary to the security and efficiency
of Parliaments were now superfluous. But they were
still carefully maintained, by honest legislators from 30
superstitious veneration, by dishonest legislators for
their own selfish ends. They had been a useful
defence to the Commons during a long and doubtful
conflict with powerful sovereigns. They were now no
longer necessary for that purpose; and they became a

1 defence to the members against their constituents. That secrecy which had been absolutely necessary in times when the Privy Council was in the habit of sending the leaders of Opposition to the Tower, was preserved in times when a vote of the House of Commons was sufficient to hurl the most powerful minister from his post.

§ 33. The Government could not go on unless the Parliament could be kept in order. And how was the
10 Parliament to be kept in order? Three hundred years ago it would have been enough for a statesman to have the support of the Crown. It would now, we hope and believe, be enough for him to enjoy the confidence and approbation of the great body of the middle class. A hundred years ago it would not have been enough to have both Crown and people on his side. The Parliament had shaken off the control of the Royal prerogative. It had not yet fallen under the control
20 of public opinion. A large proportion of the members had absolutely no motive to support any administration except their own interest, in the lowest sense of the word. Under these circumstances, the country could be governed only by corruption. Bolingbroke, who was the ablest and the most vehement of those who raised the clamour against corruption, had no better remedy to propose than that the Royal prerogative should be strengthened. The remedy would no doubt have been efficient. The only question is,
30 whether it would not have been worse than the disease. The fault was in the constitution of the Legislature; and to blame those ministers who managed the Legislature in the only way in which it could be managed is gross injustice. They submitted to extortion because they could not help themselves. We might as well accuse the poor Lowland farmers who

paid blackmail to Rob Roy of corrupting the virtue 1
of the Highlanders as accuse Sir Robert Walpole of
corrupting the virtue of Parliament. His crime was
merely this, that he employed his money more dex-
terously, and got more support in return for it, than
any of those who preceded or followed him.

§ 34. He was himself incorruptible by money. His
dominant passion was the love of power: and the
heaviest charge which can be brought against him is
that to this passion he never scrupled to sacrifice the 10
interests of his country.

§ 35. One of the maxims which, as his son tells us,
he was most in the habit of repeating was *quieta non
movere*. It was indeed the maxim by which he
generally regulated his public conduct. It is the
maxim of a man more solicitous to hold power long
than to use it well. It is remarkable that, though he
was at the head of affairs during more than twenty
years, not one great measure, not one important
change for the better or for the worse in any part of 20
our institutions, marks the period of his supremacy.
Nor was this because he did not clearly see that many
changes were very desirable. He had been brought
up in the school of toleration, at the feet of Somers
and of Burnet. He disliked the shameful laws against
Dissenters. But he never could be induced to bring
forward a proposition for repealing them. The
sufferers represented to him the injustice with which
they were treated, boasted of their firm attachment to
the House of Brunswick and to the Whig party, and 30
reminded him of his own repeated declarations of
good-will to their cause. He listened, assented, pro-
mised, and did nothing. At length the question was
brought forward by others, and the Minister, after a
hesitating and evasive speech, voted against it. The

- 1 truth was that he remembered to the latest day of his life that terrible explosion of High Church feeling which the foolish prosecution of a foolish parson had occasioned in the days of Queen Anne. If the Dissenters had been turbulent he would probably have relieved them; but while he apprehended no danger from them, he would not run the slightest risk for their sake. He acted in the same manner with respect to other questions. He knew the state of the
- 10 Scotch Highlands. He was constantly predicting another insurrection in that part of the empire. Yet, during his long tenure of power, he never attempted to perform what was then the most obvious and pressing duty of a British statesman, to break the power of the chiefs, and to establish the authority of law through the furthest corners of the island. Nobody knew better than he that, if this were not done, great mischiefs would follow. But the Highlands were tolerably quiet in his time. He was content to meet daily emer-
- 20 gencies by daily expedients, and he left the rest to his successors. They had to conquer the Highlands in the midst of a war with France and Spain, because he had not regulated the Highlands in a time of profound peace.

§ 36. Sometimes, in spite of all his caution, he found that measures which he had hoped to carry through quietly had caused great agitation. When this was the case he generally modified or withdrew them. It was thus that he cancelled Wood's patent

30 in compliance with the absurd outcry of the Irish. It was thus that he frittered away the Porteous Bill to nothing for fear of exasperating the Scotch. It was thus that he abandoned the Excise Bill as soon as he found that it was offensive to all the great towns of England. The language which he held about that measure

in a subsequent session is strikingly characteristic. 1
Pulteney had insinuated that the scheme would be again brought forward. "As to the wicked scheme," said Walpole, "as the gentleman is pleased to call it, which he would persuade gentlemen is not yet laid aside, I for my part assure this House I am not so mad as ever again to engage in anything that looks like an Excise; though, in my private opinion, I still think it was a scheme that would have tended very much to the interest of the nation." 10

§ 37. The conduct of Walpole with regard to the Spanish war is the great blemish of his public life. Archdeacon Coxe imagined that he had discovered one grand principle of action to which the whole public conduct of his hero ought to be referred. "Did the administration of Walpole", says the biographer, "present any uniform principle which may be traced in every part, and which gave combination and consistency to the whole? Yes; and that principle was THE LOVE OF PEACE." It would be difficult, we 20 think, to bestow a higher eulogium on any statesman. But the eulogium is far too high for the merits of Walpole. The great ruling principle of his public conduct was indeed a love of peace, but not in the sense in which Archdeacon Coxe uses the phrase. The peace which Walpole sought was not the peace of the country, but the peace of his own administration. During the greater part of his public life, indeed, the two objects were inseparably connected. At length he was reduced to the necessity of choosing between 30 them, of plunging the State into hostilities for which there was no just ground, and by which nothing was to be got, or of facing a violent opposition in the country, in Parliament, and even in the royal closet. No person was more thoroughly convinced than he of

1 the absurdity of the cry against Spain. But his darling power was at stake, and his choice was soon made. He preferred an unjust war to a stormy session. It is impossible to say of a Minister who acted thus that the love of peace was the one grand principle to which all his conduct is to be referred. The governing principle of his conduct was neither love of peace nor love of war, but love of power.

§ 38. The praise to which he is fairly entitled is
10 this, that he understood the true interest of his country better than any of his contemporaries, and that he pursued that interest whenever it was not incompatible with the interest of his own intense and grasping ambition. It was only in matters of public moment that he shrank from agitation and had recourse to compromise. In his contests for personal influence there was no timidity, no flinching. He would have all or none. Every member of the Government who would not submit to his ascendancy
20 was turned out or forced to resign. Liberal of everything else, he was avaricious of power. Cautious everywhere else, when power was at stake he had all the boldness of Richelieu or Chatham. He might easily have secured his authority if he could have been induced to divide it with others. But he would not part with one fragment of it to purchase defenders for all the rest. The effect of this policy was that he had able enemies and feeble allies. His most distinguished
30 coadjutors left him one by one and joined the ranks of the Opposition. He faced the increasing array of his enemies with unbroken spirit, and thought it far better that they should attack his power than that they should share it.

§ 39. The Opposition was in every sense formidable. At its head were two royal personages—the exiled

head of the House of Stuart, the disgraced heir of the 1
House of Brunswick. One set of members received
directions from Avignon. Another set held their
consultations and banquets at Norfolk House. The
majority of the landed gentry, the majority of the
parochial clergy, one of the universities, and a strong
party in the city of London and in the other great
towns were decidedly adverse to the Government. Of
the men of letters, some were exasperated by the
neglect with which the Minister treated them, a neglect 10
which was the more remarkable, because his predeces-
sors, both Whig and Tory, had paid court with emulous
munificence to the wits and the poets; others were
honestly inflamed by party zeal; almost all lent their
aid to the Opposition. In truth, all that was alluring
to ardent and imaginative minds was on that side: old
associations, new visions of political improvement,
high-flown theories of loyalty, high-flown theories of
liberty, the enthusiasm of the Cavalier, the enthusiasm
of the Roundhead. The Tory gentleman, fed in the 20
common-rooms of Oxford with the doctrines of Filmer
and Sacheverell, and proud of the exploits of his great-
grandfather, who had charged with Rupert at Marston,
who had held out the old manor-house against Fairfax,
and who, after the king's return, had been set down
for a Knight of the Royal Oak, flew to that section of
the opposition which, under pretence of assailing the
existing administration, was in truth assailing the
reigning dynasty. The young republican, fresh from
his Livy and his Lucan, and glowing with admiration 30
of Hampden, of Russell, and of Sydney, hastened
with equal eagerness to those benches from which
eloquent voices thundered nightly against the tyranny
and perfidy of courts. So many young politicians
were caught by these declamations that Sir Robert, in

1 one of his best speeches, observed that the Opposition consisted of three bodies—the Tories, the discontented Whigs, who were known by the name of the Patriots, and the Boys. In fact, almost every young man of warm temper and lively imagination, whatever his political bias might be, was drawn into the party adverse to the Government; and some of the most distinguished among them—Pitt, for example, among public men, and Johnson among men of letters—
10 afterwards openly acknowledged their mistake.

§ 40. The aspect of the Opposition, even while it was still a minority in the House of Commons, was very imposing. Among those who, in Parliament or out of Parliament, assailed the administration of Walpole, were Bolingbroke, Carteret, Chesterfield, Argyle, Pulteney, Wyndham, Doddington, Pitt, Lyttelton, Barnard, Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, Fielding, Johnson, Thomson, Akenside, Glover.

§ 41. The circumstance that the Opposition was
20 divided into two parties, diametrically opposed to each other in political opinions, was long the safety of Walpole. It was at last his ruin. The leaders of the minority knew that it would be difficult for them to bring forward any important measure without producing an immediate schism in their party. It was with very great difficulty that the Whigs in opposition had been induced to give a sullen and silent vote for the repeal of the Septennial Act. The Tories, on the
30 other hand, could not be induced to support Pulteney's motion for an addition to the income of Prince Frederick. The two parties had cordially joined in calling out for a war with Spain; but they now had their war. Hatred of Walpole was almost the only feeling which was common to them. On this one point, therefore, they concentrated their whole strength. With gross

ignorance, or gross dishonesty, they represented the Minister as the main grievance of the state. His dismissal, his punishment, would prove the certain cure for all the evils which the nation suffered. What was to be done after his fall, how misgovernment was to be prevented in future, were questions to which there were as many answers as there were noisy and ill-informed members of the opposition. The only cry in which all could join was, "Down with Walpole!" So much did they narrow the disputed ground, so purely personal did they make the question, that they threw out friendly hints to the other members of the Administration, and declared that they refused quarter to the Prime Minister alone. His tools might keep their heads, their fortunes, even their places, if only the great father of corruption were given up to the just vengeance of the nation.

§ 42. If the fate of Walpole's colleagues had been inseparably bound up with his, he probably would, even after the unfavourable elections of 1741, have been able to weather the storm. But as soon as it was understood that the attack was directed against him alone, and that, if he were sacrificed, his associates might expect advantageous and honourable terms, the ministerial ranks began to waver, and the murmur of *sauve qui peut* was heard. That Walpole had foul play is almost certain, but to what extent it is difficult to say. Lord Islay was suspected; the Duke of Newcastle something more than suspected. It would have been strange, indeed, if his Grace had been idle when treason was hatching.

"Ch' i' ho de' traditor' sempre sospetto,
E Gan fu traditor prima che nato."

"His name", said Sir Robert, "is perfidy."

1 § 43. Never was a battle more manfully fought out than the last struggle of the old statesman. His clear judgment, his long experience, and his fearless spirit, enabled him to maintain a defensive war through half the session. To the last his heart never failed him; and, when at last he yielded, he yielded not to the threats of his enemies, but to the entreaties of his dispirited and refractory followers. When he could no longer retain his power, he compounded for honour and
10 security, and retired to his garden and his paintings, leaving to those who had overthrown him shame, discord, and ruin.

§ 44. Everything was in confusion. It has been said that the confusion was produced by the dexterous policy of Walpole; and, undoubtedly, he did his best to sow dissension amongst his triumphant enemies. But there was little for him to do. Victory had completely dissolved the hollow truce, which the two sections of the Opposition had but imperfectly observed, even while the event of the contest was still doubtful. A thousand questions were opened in a moment. A thousand conflicting claims were preferred. It was impossible to follow any line of policy which would not have been offensive to a large portion of the successful party. It was impossible to find places for a tenth part of those who thought that they had a right to office. While the parliamentary leaders were preaching patience and confidence, while their followers were clamouring for reward, a still louder voice
20 was heard from without, the terrible cry of a people angry, they hardly knew with whom, and impatient, they hardly knew for what. The day of retribution had arrived. The Opposition reaped that which they had sown. Inflamed with hatred and cupidity, despairing of success by any ordinary mode of political

warfare, and blind to consequences which, though 1
remote, were certain, they had conjured up a devil
whom they could not lay. They had made the public
mind drunk with calumny and declamation. They
had raised expectations which it was impossible to
satisfy. The downfall of Walpole was to be the
beginning of a political millennium; and every en-
thusiast had figured to himself that millennium accord-
ing to the fashion of his own wishes. The republican
expected that the power of the Crown would be re- 10
duced to a mere shadow, the high Tory that the
Stuarts would be restored, the moderate Tory that the
golden days which the Church and the landed interest
had enjoyed during the last years of Queen Anne,
would immediately return. It would have been im-
possible to satisfy everybody. The conquerors satisfied
nobody.

§ 45. We have no reverence for the memory of
those who were then called the patriots. We are for
the principles of good government against Walpole, 20
and for Walpole against the opposition. It was most
desirable that a purer system should be introduced;
but, if the old system was to be retained, no man was
so fit as Walpole to be at the head of affairs. There
were grievous abuses in the government, abuses more
than sufficient to justify a strong opposition. But the
party opposed to Walpole, while they stimulated the
popular fury to the highest point, were at no pains to
direct it aright. Indeed they studiously misdirected
it. They misrepresented the evil. They prescribed 30
inefficient and pernicious remedies. They held up a
single man as the sole cause of all the vices of a bad
system which had been in full operation before his
entrance into public life, and which continued to be
in full operation when some of these very brawlers

1 had succeeded to his power. They thwarted his best measures. They drove him into an unjustifiable war against his will. Constantly talking in magnificent language about tyranny, corruption, wicked ministers, servile courtiers, the liberty of Englishmen, the Great Charter, the rights for which our fathers bled, Timoleon, Brutus, Hampden, Sydney, they had absolutely nothing to propose which would have been an improvement on our institutions. Instead of directing
2 the public mind to definite reforms which might have completed the work of the revolution, which might have brought the legislature into harmony with the nation, and which might have prevented the Crown from doing by influence what it could no longer do by prerogative, they excited a vague craving for change, by which they profited for a single moment, and of which, as they well deserved, they were soon the victims.

§ 46. Among the reforms which the State then
3 required, there were two of paramount importance, two which would alone have remedied almost every gross abuse, and without which all other remedies would have been unavailing, the publicity of parliamentary proceedings, and the abolition of the rotten boroughs. Neither of these was thought of. It seems to us clear that, if these were not adopted, all other measures would have been illusory. Some of the patriots suggested changes which would, beyond all doubt, have increased the existing evils a hundred-
4 fold. These men wished to transfer the disposal of employments and the command of the army from the Crown to the Parliament; and this on the very ground that the Parliament had long been a grossly corrupt body. The security against malpractices was to be that the members, instead of having a portion of the

public plunder doled out to them by a minister, were 1
to help themselves.

§ 47. The other schemes of which the public mind was full were less dangerous than this. Some of them were in themselves harmless. But none of them would have done much good, and most of them were extravagantly absurd. What they were we may learn from the instructions which many constituent bodies, immediately after the change of administration, sent up to their representatives. A more deplorable collection of follies can hardly be imagined. There is, in the first place, a general cry for Walpole's head. Then there are bitter complaints of the decay of trade, a decay which, in the judgment of these enlightened politicians, was brought about by Walpole and corruption. They would have been nearer to the truth if they had attributed their sufferings to the war into which they had driven Walpole against his better judgment. He had foretold the effects of his unwilling concession. On the day when hostilities 20 against Spain were proclaimed, when the heralds were attended into the city by the chiefs of the Opposition, when the Prince of Wales himself stopped at Temple Bar to drink success to the English arms, the minister heard all the steeples of the city jingling with a merry peal, and muttered, "They may ring the bells now; they will be wringing their hands before long".

§ 48. Another grievance, for which of course Walpole and corruption were answerable, was the great exportation of English wool. In the judgment of the sagacious electors of several large towns, the remedying of this evil was a matter second only in importance to the hanging of Sir Robert. There were also earnest injunctions that the members should vote against standing armies in time of peace, injunctions 30

1 which were, to say the least, ridiculously unseasonable in the midst of a war which was likely to last, and which did actually last, as long as the Parliament. The repeal of the Septennial Act, as was to be expected, was strongly pressed. Nothing was more natural than that the voters should wish for a triennial recurrence of their bribes and their ale. We feel firmly convinced that the repeal of the Septennial Act, unaccompanied by a complete reform of the
10 constitution of the elective body, would have been an unmixed curse to the country. The only rational recommendation which we can find in all these instructions is that the number of placemen in Parliament should be limited, and that pensioners should not be allowed to sit there. It is plain, however, that this cure was far from going to the root of the evil, and that, if it had been adopted without other reforms, secret bribery would probably have been more practised than ever.

20 § 49. We will give one more instance of the absurd expectations which the declamations of the Opposition had raised in the country. Akenside was one of the fiercest and most uncompromising of the young patriots out of Parliament. When he found that the change of administration had produced no change of system, he gave vent to his indignation in the "Epistle to Curio", the best poem that he ever wrote, a poem, indeed, which seems to indicate that, if he had left lyric composition to Gray and Collins, and had em-
30 ployed his powers in grave and elevated satire, he might have disputed the pre-eminence of Dryden. But whatever be the literary merits of the epistle, we can say nothing in praise of the political doctrines which it inculcates. The poet, in a rapturous apostrophe to the spirits of the great men of antiquity,

tells us what he expected from Pulteney at the moment of the fall of the tyrant:—

“See private life by wisest arts reclaimed,
See ardent youth to noblest manners framed,
See us achieve whate’er was sought by you,
If Curio—only Curio—will be true”.

§ 50. It was Pulteney’s business, it seems, to abolish faro and masquerades, to stint the young Duke of Marlborough to a bottle of brandy a day, and to prevail on Lady Vane to be content with three lovers at a time. 10

§ 51. Whatever the people wanted, they certainly got nothing. Walpole retired in safety; and the multitude were defrauded of the expected show on Tower Hill. The Septennial Act was not repealed. The placemen were not turned out of the House of Commons. Wool, we believe, was still exported. “Private life” afforded as much scandal as if the reign of Walpole and corruption had continued; and “ardent youth” fought with watchmen and betted with blacklegs as much as ever. 20

§ 52. The colleagues of Walpole had, after his retreat, admitted some of the chiefs of the Opposition into the Government, and soon found themselves compelled to submit to the ascendancy of one of their new allies. This was Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville. No public man of that age had greater courage, greater ambition, greater activity, greater talents for debate or for declamation. No public man had such profound and extensive learning. He was familiar with the ancient writers, and loved to sit up till midnight discussing philological and metrical questions with Bentley. His knowledge of modern languages was prodigious. The privy council, when 30

1 he was present, needed no interpreter. He spoke and wrote French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, even Swedish. He had pushed his re-
 searches into the most obscure nooks of literature. He was as familiar with Canonists and Schoolmen
 as with orators and poets. He had read all that the universities of Saxony and Holland had produced on
 the most intricate questions of public law. Harte, in the preface to the second edition of his History of
 10 Gustavus Adolphus, bears a remarkable testimony to the extent and accuracy of Lord Carteret's knowledge.
 "It was my good fortune or prudence to keep the main body of my army (or in other words, my matters
 of fact) safe and entire. The late Earl of Granville was pleased to declare himself of this opinion,
 especially when he found that I had made Chemni-
 tius one of my principal guides; for his lordship was apprehensive I might not have seen that valuable and
 authentic book, which is extremely scarce. I thought
 20 myself happy to have contented his lordship even in the lowest degree, for he understood the German and
 Swedish histories to the highest perfection."

§ 53. With all this learning, Carteret was far from being a pedant. His was not one of those cold
 spirits of which the fire is put out by the fuel. In council, in debate, in society, he was all life and
 energy. His measures were strong, prompt, and daring, his oratory animated and glowing. His spirits
 were constantly high. No misfortune, public or
 30 private, could depress him. He was at once the most unlucky and the happiest public man of his
 time.

§ 54. He had been Secretary of State in Walpole's administration, and had acquired considerable influence over the mind of George the First. The other

ministers could speak no German. The king could 1
speak no English. All the communication that Wal-
pole held with his master was in very bad Latin.
Carteret dismayed his colleagues by the volubility
with which he addressed his Majesty in German.
They listened with envy and terror to the mysterious
gutturals which might possibly convey suggestions
very little in unison with their wishes.

§ 55. Walpole was not a man to endure such a
colleague as Carteret. The king was induced to give 10
up his favourite. Carteret joined the Opposition, and
signalized himself at the head of that party till, after
the retirement of his old rival, he again became Secre-
tary of State.

§ 56. During some months he was chief Minister,
indeed sole minister. He gained the confidence and
regard of George the Second. He was at the same time
in high favour with the Prince of Wales. As a debater
in the House of Lords, he had no equal among his col-
leagues. Among his opponents, Chesterfield alone could 20
be considered as his match. Confident in his talents,
and in the royal favour, he neglected all those means
by which the power of Walpole had been created and
maintained. His head was full of treaties and expedi-
tions, of schemes for supporting the Queen of Hungary
and for humbling the House of Bourbon. He con-
temptuously abandoned to others all the drudgery, and,
with the drudgery, all the fruits of corruption. The
patronage of the Church and of the Bar he left to the
Pelhams as a trifle unworthy of his care. One of the 30
judges, Chief Justice Willes, if we remember rightly,
went to him to beg some ecclesiastical preferment for
a friend. Carteret said that he was too much occupied
with continental politics to think about the disposal of
places and benefices. "You may rely on it, then,"

- 1 said the Chief Justice, "that people who want places and benefices will go to those who have more leisure." The prediction was accomplished. It would have been a busy time indeed in which the Pelhams had wanted leisure for jobbing; and to the Pelhams the whole cry of place-hunters and pension-hunters resorted. The parliamentary influence of the two brothers became stronger every day, till at length they were at the head of a decided majority in the House of Commons.
- 10 Their rival, meanwhile, conscious of his powers, sanguine in his hopes, and proud of the storm which he had conjured up on the Continent, would brook neither superior nor equal. "His rants", says Horace Walpole, "are amazing; so are his parts and his spirits." He encountered the opposition of his colleagues, not with the fierce haughtiness of the first Pitt, or the cold unbending arrogance of the second, but with a gay vehemence, a good-humoured imperiousness, that bore everything down before it. The period of his ascen-
- 20 dency was known by the name of the "Drunken Administration"; and the expression was not altogether figurative. His habits were extremely convivial; and champagne probably lent its aid to keep him in that state of joyous excitement in which his life was passed.

§ 57. That a rash and impetuous man of genius like Carteret should not have been able to maintain his ground in Parliament against the crafty and selfish Pelhams is not strange. But it is less easy to understand why he should have been generally unpopular

30 throughout the country. His brilliant talents, his bold and open temper, ought, it should seem, to have made him a favourite with the public. But the people had been bitterly disappointed; and he had to face the first burst of their rage. His close connection with Pulteney, now the most detested man in the nation,

was an unfortunate circumstance. He had, indeed, 1
only three partisans, Pulteney, the king, and the Prince
of Wales, a most singular assemblage.

§ 58. He was driven from his office. He shortly
after made a bold, indeed a desperate, attempt to re-
cover power. The attempt failed. From that time
he relinquished all ambitious hopes, and retired
laughing to his books and his bottle. No statesman
ever enjoyed success with so exquisite a relish, or
submitted to defeat with so genuine and unforced a 10
cheerfulness. Ill as he had been used, he did not
seem, says Horace Walpole, to have any resentment,
or indeed any feeling except thirst.

§ 59. These letters contain many good stories, some
of them no doubt grossly exaggerated, about Lord
Carteret; how, in the height of his greatness, he fell
in love at first sight on a birthday with Lady Sophia
Fermor, the handsome daughter of Lord Pomfret; how
he plagued the Cabinet every day with reading to them
her ladyship's letters; how strangely he brought home 20
his bride; what fine jewels he gave her; how he fondled
her at Ranelagh; and what queen-like state she kept
in Arlington Street. Horace Walpole has spoken less
bitterly of Carteret than of any public man of that time,
Fox, perhaps, excepted; and this is the more remark-
able, because Carteret was one of the most inveterate
enemies of Sir Robert. In the memoirs, Horace
Walpole, after passing in review all the great men whom
England had produced within his memory, concludes
by saying, that in genius none of them equalled Lord 30
Granville. Smollett, in *Humphrey Clinker*, pronounces
a similar judgment in coarser language. "Since Gran-
ville was turned out, there has been no minister in this
nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig."

§ 60. Carteret fell; and the reign of the Pelhams

- 1 commenced. It was Carteret's misfortune to be raised to power when the public mind was still smarting from recent disappointment. The nation had been duped, and was eager for revenge. A victim was necessary, and on such occasions the victims of popular rage are selected like the victim of Jephthah. The first person who comes in the way is made the sacrifice. The wrath of the people had now spent itself; and the unnatural excitement was succeeded by an unnatural
- 10 calm. To an irrational eagerness for something new, succeeded an equally irrational disposition to acquiesce in everything established. A few months back the people had been disposed to impute every crime to men in power, and to lend a ready ear to the high professions of men in opposition. They were now disposed to surrender themselves implicitly to the management of Ministers, and to look with suspicion and contempt on all who pretended to public spirit. The name of patriot had become a by-word of derision.
- 20 Horace Walpole scarcely exaggerated when he said that, in those times, the most popular declaration which a candidate could make on the hustings was that he had never been and never would be a patriot. At this conjuncture took place the rebellion of the Highland clans. The alarm produced by that event quieted the strife of internal factions. The suppression of the insurrection crushed for ever the spirit of the Jacobite party. Room was made in the Government for a few Tories. Peace was patched up with France and Spain.
- 30 Death removed the Prince of Wales, who had contrived to keep together a small portion of that formidable opposition of which he had been the leader in the time of Sir Robert Walpole. Almost every man of weight in the House of Commons was officially connected with the Government. The even tenor of the session

of Parliament was ruffled only by an occasional harangue from Lord Egmont on the army estimates. For the first time since the accession of the Stuarts there was no opposition. This singular good fortune, denied to the ablest statesmen, to Salisbury, to Strafford, to Clarendon, to Somers, to Walpole, had been reserved for the Pelhams.

§ 61. Henry Pelham, it is true, was by no means a contemptible person. His understanding was that of Walpole on a somewhat smaller scale. Though not a brilliant orator, he was, like his master, a good debater, a good parliamentary tactician, a good man of business. Like his master, he distinguished himself by the neatness and clearness of his financial expositions. Here the resemblance ceased. Their characters were altogether dissimilar. Walpole was good-humoured, but would have his way: his spirits were high, and his manners frank even to coarseness. The temper of Pelham was yielding, but peevish: his habits were regular, and his deportment strictly decorous. Walpole was constitutionally fearless, Pelham constitutionally timid. Walpole had to face a strong opposition; but no man in the government durst wag a finger against him. Almost all the opposition which Pelham had to encounter was from members of the government of which he was the head. His own paymaster spoke against his estimates. His own secretary-at-war spoke against his Regency Bill. In one day Walpole turned Lord Chesterfield, Lord Burlington, and Lord Clinton out of the royal household, dismissed the highest dignitaries of Scotland from their posts, and took away the regiments of the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham, because he suspected them of having encouraged the resistance to his Excise Bill. He would far rather have contended with the strongest minority, under the ablest

1 leaders, than have tolerated mutiny in his own party. It would have gone hard with any of his colleagues, who had ventured, on a government question, to divide the House of Commons against him. Pelham, on the other hand, was disposed to bear anything rather than drive from office any man round whom a new opposition could form. He therefore endured with fretful
 10 patience the insubordination of Pitt and Fox. He thought it far better to connive at their occasional infractions of discipline than to hear them, night after night, thundering against corruption and wicked ministers from the other side of the House.

§ 62. We wonder that Sir Walter Scott never tried his hand on the Duke of Newcastle. An interview between his Grace and Jeanie Deans would have been delightful, and by no means unnatural. There is scarcely any public man in our history of whose manners and conversation so many particulars have been preserved. Single stories may be unfounded or
 20 exaggerated. But all the stories about him, whether told by people who were perpetually seeing him in Parliament and attending his levee in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or by Grub Street writers who never had more than a glimpse of his star through the windows of his gilded coach, are of the same character. Horace Walpole and Smollett differed in their tastes and opinions as much as two human beings could differ. They kept quite different society. Walpole played at cards with countesses, and corresponded with ambas-
 30 sadors. Smollett passed his life surrounded by printers' devils and famished scribblers. Yet Walpole's Duke and Smollett's Duke are as like as if they were both from one hand. Smollett's Newcastle runs out of his dressing-room, with his face covered with soap-suds, to embrace the Moorish envoy. Walpole's

Newcastle pushes his way into the Duke of Grafton's sick room to kiss the old nobleman's plasters. No man was so unmercifully satirized. But in truth he was himself a satire ready-made. All that the art of the satirist does for other men, nature had done for him. Whatever was absurd about him stood out with grotesque prominence from the rest of the character. He was a living, moving, talking caricature. His gait was a shuffling trot; his utterance a rapid stutter; he was always in a hurry; he was never in time; he abounded in fulsome caresses and in hysterical tears. His oratory resembled that of Justice Shallow. It was nonsense effervescent with animal spirits and impertinence. Of his ignorance many anecdotes remain, some well authenticated, some probably invented at coffee-houses, but all exquisitely characteristic. "Oh—yes—yes—to be sure—Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis—Pray where is Annapolis?"—"Cape Breton an island! wonderful!—show it me in the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island."

§ 63. And this man was, during near thirty years, Secretary of State, and, during near ten years, First Lord of the Treasury! His large fortune, his strong hereditary connection, his great parliamentary interest, will not alone explain this extraordinary fact. His success is a signal instance of what may be effected by a man who devotes his whole heart and soul without reserve to one object. He was eaten up by ambition. His love of influence and authority resembled the avarice of the old usurer in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. It was so intense a passion that it supplied the place of talents, that it inspired even fatuity with cunning. "Have no money dealings with my father," says Martha to Lord

- 1 Glenvarloch; "for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you." It was as dangerous to have any political connection with Newcastle as to buy and sell with old Trapbois. He was greedy after power with a greediness all his own. He was jealous of all his colleagues, and even of his own brother. Under the disguise of levity he was false beyond all example of political falsehood. All the able men of his time ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, a child who never knew his
10 own mind for an hour together; and he overreached them all round.

§ 64. If the country had remained at peace, it is not impossible that this man would have continued at the head of affairs without admitting any other person to a share of his authority until the throne was filled by a new prince who brought with him new maxims of government, new favourites, and a strong will. But the inauspicious commencement of the Seven Years' War brought on a crisis to which Newcastle was alto-
20 gether unequal. After a calm of fifteen years the spirit of the nation was again stirred to its inmost depths. In a few days the whole aspect of the political world was changed.

§ 65. But that change is too remarkable an event to be discussed at the end of an article already more than sufficiently long. It is probable that we may, at no remote time, resume the subject.

VARIATIONS IN THE TEXT OF THE ESSAY.

[Slight alterations in punctuation are omitted. In the original text appositional clauses, and clauses forming a series, are separated by dashes as well as by commas or semicolons.]

| P. | L. | <i>Revised Text.</i> | <i>Original Text.</i> |
|-----|-----|--|--|
| 3. | 26. | Frederic and Lady | Frederic with Lady |
| 5. | 35. | knights of some modern orders | Knights of the Bath |
| 9. | 3. | a man between forty and fifty years old | a man of forty-three |
| 9. | 6. | that vulgar thing | so vulgar a thing as |
| 10. | 32. | Galicism | Galicisms |
| 11. | 4. | days." "What was ridiculous, the man who seconded the motion happened to be shut out." | days." "It |
| | | "It | |
| 11. | 22. | scarcely any | no |
| 11. | 24. | Isolated by | Isolated in |
| 13. | 35. | the profligate dunce | the profligate twaddler |
| 15. | 7. | He might have mentioned the loss | The loss |
| 15. | 9. | England, | England—for such undoubtedly was Charles— |
| 15. | 26. | garb | costume |
| 21. | 4. | with the works of Anthony Wood, of Nichols, of Granger | with Nichols's <i>Anecdotes</i> , or even with Mr. D'Israeli's <i>Quarrels of Authors and Calumnies of Authors</i> |
| 23. | 1. | It furnishes | It contains |
| 24. | 19. | the Treasury | his own office |
| 24. | 27. | during thirty | for thirty |

| P. | L. | <i>Revised Text.</i> | <i>Original Text.</i> |
|-----|-----|--|---|
| 28. | 21. | interest, in | interest, and in |
| 28. | 25. | elamour against | cry of |
| 32. | 23. | Rieheliu or Chatham | Wolsey or Chatham |
| 35. | 32. | "Ch'i'honato" | "Che Gan fu traditor prima ehe nato" |
| 36. | 5. | the session | a session |
| 36. | 6. | at last | at length |
| 36. | 27. | to office | to be considered |
| 36. | 33. | reaped that which | reaped what |
| 37. | 2. | a devil whom | a devil whieh |
| 38. | 5. | the liberty | the liberties |
| 40. | 17. | adopted without other re- forms, secret bribery would probably | adopted, the consequence would probably have been that secret bribery would |
| 41. | 8. | stint | stent |
| 41. | 31. | writers, andBentley | writers. |
| 43. | 26. | and for humbling | and humbling |
| 45. | 9. | a relish | a zest |
| 45. | 35. | Carteret fell | He fell |
| 47. | 6. | to Somers, to Walpole, | to Walpole |
| 47. | 24. | had to eneounter | had |
| 47. | 35. | the strongest minority | a strong minority |
| 47. | 35. | the ablest leaders | able leaders |
| 48. | 20. | stories about him, | stories |
| 48. | 31. | printers' devils and | a knot of |
| 49. | 24. | near ten | neary ten |

NOTES

page 1. Sir Horace Mann (1701-86) was appointed in 1740 British ambassador at Florence, and it was there that Horace Walpole made his acquaintance, while doing the Grand Tour with Gray. He never saw Horace Walpole again, but corresponded with him for forty-six years. He and his letters form the subject of a book by Doran, *Mann and Manners at the Court of Florence*.

§ 1.

1. 7. Lord Dover, George Agar Ellis (1797-1833), entered Parliament in 1818, supported the Reform party, and was created Baron Dover in 1831. He wrote or edited nine works in all, of which this edition of Walpole's *Letters* is the most important. He was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Review*.

§ 2.

1. 21. intellectual epicures, lovers of 'literary luxuries'. An epicure is one fond of good living, the name being derived from Epicurus, the Greek philosopher, who maintained that pleasure was the highest good for man.

Strasburg pies, *pâtés de foies gras* (pies of fat liver), made of the livers of geese; the livers being enlarged to a great size by shutting the geese up in dark cellars in coops so small that they have not room to turn, and by stuffing them with as much food as they can be made to swallow. By this treatment the liver is increased so as to weigh two or three pounds. The delicacy was known to the Romans (c. Mayor's note on *Jurinal*, v. 114).

page 2. l. 1. Almanach des Gourmands, "that wonderful monument of the outrageous self-indulgence prevalent in French society during the epoch of luxury and debauchery which succeeded to the surly discomfort of the Revolution and ushered in the vulgar magnificence of the Empire. He (Macaulay) had by heart the choice morsels of humour and extravagance that are so freely scattered through the eight fat little volumes."—Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*, p. 631 (Popular Edition).

§ 3.

1. 17. he out-Timoned Timon, he surpassed Timon in that

particular quality for which Timon was famous, viz. misanthropy. Timon of Athens lived in the fifth century B.C., and, being soured by finding so much wickedness in the world, he became noted for his savage sarcasms and biting satire on mankind. He has been depicted by Shakespeare in the play *Timon of Athens*.

A similar phrase is used by Shakespeare in *Hamlet*—"to out-Herod Herod", i.e. to surpass Herod in the point for which he was noted, viz. boisterous rodomontade.

l. 18. he talked philanthropy. The quotation in Dover's Introduction which may have suggested this sentence is *à propos* of the Slave Trade. "We have been sitting", writes Walpole on the 25th February, 1750, "this fortnight, on the African Company. We, the British senate, the temple of Liberty and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have, this fortnight, been considering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that 46,000 of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone! It chills one's blood—I would not have to say I voted for it, for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain; and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering the poor creatures for the good of their souls."

l. 19. Howard. John Howard (1726-90), who, in Burke's fine phrase, made a circumnavigation of charity. He visited the prisons in nearly every part of Europe, and tried to improve the condition of their inmates. He died at Kherson in Russia from a fever he had contracted while visiting the gaol in that town.

l. 23. left fair copies. "When the letters were written, they were never intended for public inspection. . . . The author, some years after the date of the first, borrowed them, on account of some anecdotes interspersed" (Advertisement by the author).

l. 25. an Honourable, a title of courtesy given to the younger sons of earls and all the children of viscounts and barons, and also to persons holding certain Government appointments, such as the higher judges. Walpole was an Honourable through being a younger son of the Earl of Orford.

l. 26. entail. From Edward I.'s time an estate could be *cut off* (Fr. *tailler*) from heirs in general and settled on a particular heir (e.g. the eldest son) or series of heirs. The effect of the law was to keep landed property undivided and in the hands of a few powerful families.

l. 27. conveyancers, those lawyers who make a specialty of drawing up deeds, leases, or similar legal documents by which the

title to property is transferred or *conveyed* from one person to another.

l. 28. *settlement*, the arrangement by which property passes from husband to wife, or from father to son, &c. Such a settlement would be strict if there were many legal obstacles to any departure from the expressed wishes of the owner of the property. "Walpole entailed the perishable possession with a degree of strictness, which would have been more fitting for a baronial estate. And that, too, after having written a fable, entitled *The Entail*; in consequence of some one having asked him whether he did not intend to entail Strawberry Hill, and in ridicule of such a proceeding" (Dover's Introduction, p. xxxii.).

§ 4.

l. 33. *blue-stockings*. The Blue-stocking Club was established in 1780 by Mrs. Montague, who wrote three *Dialogues of the Dead*. The name being at first applied to the learned ladies of this club, has come to be used of female pedants in general. The literary ladies of Walpole's acquaintance included Madame du Deffand, Hannah More, and the two Berrys.

l. 34. *complimentary verses on little occasions*, e.g. to the Duchess of Queensberry (v. Letter, 26th April, 1771), and on the visit of the French ladies to Strawberry Hill in 1763 (v. Letter of 17th May, 1763).

l. 35. *a private press*. The Strawberry Hill press was established in 1757, the first book issued being Gray's *Odes*.

page 3, l. 1. *Ranelagh* (pronounced Ra'n-e-la). "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding is admitted for twelvepence" (v. Letter to Sir H. Mann, 26th May, 1742).

White's, a club in St. James's Street, London. It was established in 1698, under the name of White's Chocolate House.

l. 2. *to record bets*. The bets are recorded not as bets, but because of something amusing about them, e.g. the bet made about the Duke of Cumberland's weight. The one recorded at George III.'s marriage resembles one made by Squire Western in *Tom Jones*. v. also Letter of 17th October, 1756.

Miss Chudleigh (1720-88), maid of honour to the Princess of Wales (mother of George III.), married Augustus Hervey (afterwards Earl of Bristol), from whom she separated. She bigamously married the Duke of Kingston, and on his death was tried by the peers and found guilty of bigamy. She escaped punishment by fleeing to France. George II. pretended to be in love with her,

and gave her a watch "which cost five and thirty guineas out of his own privy purse and not charged on the civil list" (Walpole's Letters). She is the original of Thackeray's Beatrix in *Esmond*. For examples of her extravagances, see Horace Walpole's account of her entertainment to the court (Letter, 21st May, 1763).

1. 3. George Selwyn (1719-1791), a member of Parliament, and a noted wit of his day. For examples of his good sayings, see Letters of 17th October, 1756; 8th November, 1759; 16th April, 1761; 20th June, 1766.

1. 4. pie-crust battlements. "Did I tell you that I have found a text in Deuteronomy to authorize my future battlements? 'When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, &c.'" They were so slenderly constructed, however, "that he outlived three sets of his own battlements".

1. 14. Queen Mary's comb, *i.e.* of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Wolsey's red hat. The red hat conferred by the Pope is the distinctive mark of the Cardinalate. Wolsey became Cardinal in 1515.

1. 15. Van Tromp (1597-1653), the Dutch admiral who defeated the English in the Strait of Dover (1652), and claiming to have swept them from the seas, put a broom at the top of his mast. He was killed in a battle off the Dutch coast (1653), after having been victor in thirty-three sea-fights.

1. 16. King William, *i.e.* William III.

All these objects, which Macaulay professes were obtained by serious and laborious research, were really presents which (as Mr. Austin Dobson has remarked) possibly reflected rather the charity of the recipient than the good taste of the giver.

§ 5.

1. 23. The growlings of George II. "A certain king was last week at the play. The intriguing chambermaid in the farce says to the old gentleman, 'You are villainously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years'. The old gentleman in the stage-box turned about in a passion and said, 'This is d--d stuff'" (Letter of 22nd November, 1751).

1. 24. Princess Emily, the daughter of George II.

1. 25. Duke of Grafton (1735-1811), an opponent of Bute's in 1763, Secretary of State in the Rockingham Administration (1765-66), First Lord of the Treasury (1766-70). "The Queen had a thorough aversion for the Duke of Grafton for the liberties he took with one of her great blood, and if she had not been prevented by Sir R. Walpole, would one night have complained to the king, when

the Princess and the Duke, who hunted two or three times a week together, had stayed out unusually late, lost their attendants, and gone together to a private house in Windsor Forest" (Memoirs, i. 182).

1. 26. Prince Frederic (1707-51), the Prince of Wales, father of George III.

Lady Middlesex "is Mistress of the Robes at the Prince's court; she lives with them perpetually, and sits up till five in the morning at their suppers. Don't mistake!—not for her person, which is wondrous plain and little" (Letter, 24th June, 1745).

1. 27. Gold Stick. One of the ornamental officers of the Royal Household is called Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, from his insignia of office.

Master of the Buckhounds, also an officer of the Royal Household, more ornamental than useful. Horace Walpole's eldest brother held the office for a time.

1. 28. tutors of Prince George, Lord Harcourt, the Bishop of Norwich, &c. (*v.* Letters of 27th July and 11th December, 1752).

1. 31. Zinckes, paintings in enamel. So called from Zincke (1684-1767), a German enamel painter, who came to England in 1706.

1. 32. Petitots, paintings in enamel. So called from Petitot (1607-91), who came from Geneva to England.

page 4, l. 1. Kensington Palace, a royal palace in London, originally Nottingham House, purchased by William III., who made it his residence and died in it. The residence also of Anne, George I., and George II.; famous subsequently as the birthplace of Queen Victoria.

Carlton House, built in 1709 for Henry Boyle, Lord Carlton. It was occupied in 1732 by the Prince of Wales (Frederick), and subsequently by the Prince (afterwards George IV.). It was demolished in 1827 to make room for Waterloo Place.

§ 6.

1. 10. ministerial negotiations. Walpole had much to do with the arrangements by which the ministries of Rockingham (1765) and Chatham (1766) were formed.

1. 15. A good practical joke. The best example of this is Walpole's writing a French letter to Rousseau purporting to be an invitation from Frederick, King of Prussia. It enraged Rousseau, was much talked of at Paris, and estranged Boswell from Walpole (*v.* Letters, 25th January, 1766; 18th February, 1768).

§ 7.

1. 31. Damien, the Frenchman who attempted in 1757 to assassinate Louis XV. He was subjected to the most excruciating tortures—*e.g.* a bed of steel kept hot for two months—to make him reveal his accomplices, and finally was torn in pieces by four horses, having been bound to them by his hands and his feet.

1. 34. Major Charta, *i.e.* the *Greater Charter*, as if the execution of Charles I. were an advance in liberty or constitutional progress on *Magna Charta*, the Great Charter, exacted by the nobles from King John in 1215 (*v.* Letter of October, 1756).

page 5, l. 8. turned out of doors by dragoons. Colonel Pride, in the closing days of 1648, prevented, by his dragoons, the entrance to the House of Commons of all those members opposed to extreme measures against Charles I. His drastic action got the name of Pride's Purge.

1. 13. the arms of the ancient Templars, &c. *v.* Letter of 12th June, 1753.

1. 14. Templars, an order of knights, founded in 1119 and abolished in 1312. They were intended to act in defence of the Holy Land against the Saracens, and got their name from their first residence near the Temple at Jerusalem. They acquired large property, which, on the abolition of the order, passed into other hands—notably the Temple in London, which became the chief place for students of the law.

Hospitallers, an order of knights whose duty it was to provide at Jerusalem, and on the way to it, lodging and entertainment to pilgrims. (Latin, *hospitium*, entertainment.)

1. 16. daring warriors and statesmen, Bradshaw, Cromwell, Ludlow, Harrison, Hutchinson, Ireton, &c.

1. 27. frightened into a fanatical royalist. Walpole professed indeed to have changed his opinions about liberty (*v.* Letter of 4th April, 1776), especially after the excesses of the French Revolution (*v.* Letter, 15th July, 1789). But in doing so he only acted as the great majority of the Whig party did, and was certainly not so fanatical a royalist as Burke, for example.

1. 31. cant, literally a refrain (from L. *canto*, I sing). 'Chant' is the same word. It comes to mean words repeated by rote without any comprehension of their significance, and then a meaningless phraseology, used to acquire a reputation for superior sanctity.

1. 35. modern orders, orders of chivalry, such as that of the Knights of the Garter, instituted by Edward III.

Page 6, l. 4. Houghton, in Norfolk, the country seat of Sir R. Walpole, 10 miles from King's Lynn.

1. 4. Downing Street, where Walpole's official town residence was from 1735 onwards. Ever since, the house No. 10 Downing Street has been the residence of the First Lord of the Treasury.

1. 7. Exclusion Bill, a bill brought forward by Shaftesbury and the Whigs to exclude James, Duke of York, from the throne on the ground of his being a Roman Catholic. The controversy over it continued from 1679 to 1681. Its principle was affirmed by the Revolution settlement (1688-89).

1. 8. battle of Sedgemoor, in Somerset, where Monmouth was defeated in 1685. The rising of the Whigs was to make Monmouth king, but it was suppressed with the greatest severity, and Kirke and Jeffreys in particular became names of terror in the west of England.

1. 9. declaration, &c. After the birth of the elder Pretender (10th June, 1688), when it was clear that there was now little hope of James's nephew, the Protestant Prince of Orange, succeeding to the throne, a number of peers and gentry (such as Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby) signed an invitation to William to come to England.

1. 14. Pretender. The word really means 'claimant', and is applied in English history to James, the son of James II., and to his son, Charles Edward (the Young Pretender).

1. 24. Bradshaw, who presided over the court which condemned Charles I.

Ludlow (1617-93), a famous republican, who acted as a member of the court by which Charles I. was tried and condemned. He was offered an appointment under the Commonwealth, but refused to recognize Cromwell as Protector, and went into exile. He died at Vevey, on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. He was the author of memoirs of his time.

1. 25. royal authors, really royal *and noble* authors. There are twelve royal names (Richard I., &c.), but 170 of peers and peeresses. Walpole had previously written an essay on works dealing with the classifying of authors, *e.g.* anonymous, pseudonymous, poet-physicians, poet-bishops, &c.

1. 28. he was haunted with a longing to see George I. Horace Walpole tells the story himself in chapter I. of his *Reminiscences*. When ten years old he felt an unaccountable but overpowering desire to see the king. His mother arranged with the Duchess of Kendal (George I.'s mistress) for a private audience at night when the king would be at supper. He was taken into the duchess's ante-room, "where we found alone the king and her. I knelt down and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother. The person of the king is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It

was that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall; of an aspect rather good than august; with a dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue ribband over all. So entirely was he my object that I do not believe I once looked at the duchess."

1. 34. French songs of Prince Frederic. One is quoted by Walpole in his letter of 11th May, 1745, but with this criticism, "It has miscarried in nothing but the language, the thoughts, and the poetry".

page 7, l. 4. bewrays. Note the difference between this word and 'betrays'. 'Bewray' is to reveal unintentionally; 'betray' is deliberately to reveal and give into the hands of an enemy. Peter's speech bewrayed him: Judas betrayed Christ.

Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher who lived in a tub. He had a strong disbelief in the goodness of men, and is said once to have gone through the streets of Athens with a lighted lantern at mid-day, and on being asked why he did so, replied, "I am seeking for an honest man". When he was visited by Alexander the Great he was asked, "What can I do for you?" and he replied, "Stand out from between me and the sun". Whereupon Alexander said, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes".

1. 5. prefer his tub to a palace. Walpole speaks playfully in his letter of 8th June, 1747, of having left his tub at Windsor, and gone into a little plaything-house.

1. 6. the masters of Windsor and Versailles, the kings of England and France.

1. 7. a gentleman-usher, an inferior officer of the court. 'Usher', from *L. ostiarius*, means a door-keeper.

§ 8.

1. 12. busy idleness. An example of the figure of speech, *oxymoron*, in which two words apparently contradictory are used. 'Oxymoron' is from two Greek words meaning sharply or pointedly foolish. Cf. Tennyson's line:

"His faith unfaithful kept him falsely true".

1. 15. He spoke of himself, &c. v. Letters of 11th January, 1764; 12th Feb., 1765; 25th May, 1765; 22nd Sept., 1765; 20th June, 1766; 20th June, 1776.

1. 24. Middlesex election. In 1768 John Wilkes was elected M.P. for Middlesex, but was declared by a vote of the House of Commons incapable of election. He was returned again and again, however, till his opponent, who was in a considerable minority, was declared by the House of Commons to be duly elected. Riots took

place over the matter in 1768-69, and not till 1782 was the decision of the Commons reversed. The constitutional question involved was of supreme importance, for the House of Commons could have set aside the decision of any constituency if its first resolution had not been reversed.

l. 24. a miniature of Grammont, a small portrait of Grammont. Walpole describes, in his letter to Gray (25th January, 1766), how "by great accident when I thought on nothing less, I stumbled on an original picture of the Comte de Grammont". Grammont (1621-1707) resided in England from 1662 to 1669, and has left in his *Memoirs* a lively picture of the doings of Charles II.'s court. These memoirs were published in England in 1714, and afterwards edited and reprinted by Horace Walpole, who naturally was interested in finding a picture of a writer resembling himself in many ways.

l. 25. the American Revolution. For Walpole's views on this, *v.* letters of 29th Feb., 1766; 6th May, 1770; 6th October, 1774; 4th April, 1776; 29th Nov., 1781.

l. 26. Pitt (1708-78), afterwards Earl of Chatham; Murray (1705-93), afterwards Earl of Mansfield and Lord Chief Justice of England. These two were the greatest orators of their time.

§ 9.

page 8, l. 6. Epicurean gods of the earth. The followers of Epicurus (*v.* note on § 2) held that though gods might have created the world, they took no interest whatever in what went on in the world. They lived in enjoyment on Mount Olympus, "careless of mankind". So noblemen, who consider themselves superior to the common herd, and devote themselves entirely to the gratification of their own tastes, may be regarded as the counterpart of such gods on the earth.

l. 10. St. Martin's Church, St. Martin's-le-Grand, in London (now the head-quarters of the Post-office), was a monastery and church exempted from ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction in 1068, and this right of sanctuary within the building and its precincts attracted all who were in debt, and so liable to arrest if they went outside the limited district round St. Martin's which enjoyed 'sanctuary'. On Sundays, however, they were safe, and might get a dinner for once in the week through the charity of their bookseller. The lives of Goldsmith and Johnson show that even the best writers of the time were exposed to privations and humiliations, which justified the dislike of men such as Walpole to their being known as *professional* authors.

l. 15. M. Jourdain, the chief character in Molière's comedy, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (the merchant turned gentleman). In his new rôle, disliking the idea of his father having been a merchant, M. Jourdain says: "He a merchant! It is absolute slander; he

never was one. All he did was just this—he was very obliging and ready to be of service; and as he had a very good knowledge of cloths, he went about choosing some everywhere, had them sent to his house, and gave some to his friends for money."

§ 10.

page 9, l. 14. garreteers, poor authors living in the garrets, of whom Goldsmith has given a vigorous description:

"A night-cap decked his brow instead of bay,
A cap by night, a stocking all the day".

l. 17. Johnson's club, founded in 1764, and including all the distinguished writers and artists of the day in London—Goldsmith, Burke, Gibbon, Boswell, Reynolds, Jones, Garrick, &c.

l. 18. Grub Street, now Milton Street, in London; "much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called Grub Street" (Dr. Johnson).

l. 19. St. James's Street, in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace in London, the fashionable street in Walpole's time.

§ 11.

ll. 25, 26. He almost invariably speaks with contempt, &c. To test the truth of this, see letters of 25th Feb., 1759; 11th July, 1759; 4th April 1760; 22nd July, 1761; 20th Dec., 1764; 9th March, 1765.

l. 33. Lee, Nathaniel (1653-92), a writer of plays—*Nero*, *Rival Queens*. In the latter occurs the line now proverbial, "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war".

l. 34. Thomson, James (1700-48), author of *The Seasons*, *Castle of Indolence*, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, &c.

l. 35. "The World", a paper started in 1753 on the model of the *Spectator*. In a letter (6th Oct., 1753) Walpole says, "I will mark all the names I know of the authors; there are several, and of our first writers". The note he adds is not correctly given by Macaulay. He mentions the seven names in Macaulay's order, but adds an &c. to show that the list is not exhausted, as Macaulay takes it to be.

page 10, l. 3. Hume (1711-76), author of *History of England*, *Treatise on Human Nature*, *Essays*.

Fielding, Henry (1707-54), wrote the novels *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, *Amelia*.

1. 4. Smollett, Tobias (1721-71), wrote the novels *Roderick Random*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Peregrine Pickle*, &c.

Richardson, Samuel (1689-1761), wrote the novels *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Johnson, Samuel (1709-84), the leading writer of the time, author of *Lives of the Poets*, *London*, *Vanity of Human Wishes*. He became famous by his *English Dictionary*.

Warburton (1698-1779), a friend of Pope's, and editor of his works. He wrote the *Divine Legation of Moses*, *Alliance between Church and State*, and was appointed Bishop of Gloucester.

Collins, William (1721-59), a poet, distinguished especially for his odes, such as *To Evening*, *To the Passions*.

1. 5. Akenside, Mark (1721-70), wrote a poem in blank verse, *Pleasures of the Imagination*.

Gray, Thomas (1716-71), the most polished writer of the time, author of *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, *Odes on Eton College*, *The Bard*, *Adversity*, &c.

Dyer, John (1700-58), author of the descriptive poems, *Grongar Hill*, *The Fleece*.

Young, Edward (1681-1765), wrote a didactic poem in blank verse, *Night Thoughts*.

Warton, Thomas (1728-90), poet-laureate, but more distinguished as author of a *History of English Poetry* than as a poet himself.

Mason, William (1725-97), wrote *Caractacus*, *Odes*, e.g. *Musæus* (on the death of Pope). He was the friend and biographer of the poet Gray.

1. 8. Lord Chesterfield (1694-1773), one of the wittiest and most polished men of the day, a leading statesman (Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, 1745-46), but remembered now chiefly for the letter addressed to him by Dr. Johnson, who had applied to him in vain for help to carry out the plan of a complete English dictionary. This repulse accounts for the severe judgment pronounced by Johnson on Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*. Walpole's opinion of him as a writer was not really high. "Next week my Lord Chesterfield appears in the *World*—I expect much less from him than I did from Lord Bath, but it is very certain that his name will make it applauded" (Letter of 27th April, 1753).

Lord Bath, William Pulteney (1684-1764), a leading opponent of Sir R. Walpole's. He assisted Bolingbroke in the *Craftsman*. "Lord Bath has contributed a paper to the *World*, but seems to have entirely lost all his wit and genius: it is a plain, heavy description of Newmarket, with scarce an effort towards humour" (Letter of 27th April, 1753).

l. 8. Whithed, William (1715-85), author of the poems *The Roman Father*, *School for Lovers*, &c. He was a Cambridge baker's son, and was poet-laureate from 1757 to 1785. He acted as travelling tutor to the son of Lord Jersey, whose family influence procured for him the office of laureate, and also of secretary and registrar of the Order of the Bath.

l. 9. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (1709-59), M.P., Knight of the Bath, and Privy Councillor, was the most popular satirical poet of the day, quite eclipsing his rivals in satire—Hervey, Chesterfield, Bath. His satires are mostly personal.

After Pulteney overthrew Walpole (of whom Williams was a warm supporter), and had been elevated to the peerage as Earl of Bath, he was bitterly attacked by Williams, and Sandys, his henchman in the House of Commons, was also lampooned, as in the following:

“Say he made a great monarch change hands;
He spake—and the minister fell;
Say he made a great statesman of Sands—
Oh, that he had taught him to spell!”

And in another pasquinade:

“How Sands, in sense and person queer,
Jumped from a patriot to a peer
No mortal yet knows why;
How Pulteney trucked the fairest fame
For a Right Honourable name
To call his vixen by”.

If Horace Walpole erred in admiring such effusions, he erred with the great majority of his contemporaries. He may have been biassed by his friendship with Williams, which dated from their schoolboy days at Eton, and by the invaluable help rendered to his father by the satires and lampoons of Williams.

Soame Jenyns (1704-87), M.P. for Cambridge, translator of a poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*, but remembered now only as the butt of Johnson's most witty pamphlet—a review of Soame Jenyns' *Origin of Evil*.

Cambridge, Richard (1717-1802), author of a satire, *The Scribleriad*. He resided in a villa at Twickenham, and was thus a neighbour of Walpole's. His character is drawn by Chesterfield in the *World*, No. 92.

l. 10. Coventry, Francis, died in 1759, author of a satirical romance, *Pompey the Little*, and of an essay on *Gardening* in the *World*, No. 15. He was appointed rector of Edgeware by his relative, the Earl of Coventry.

l. 12. tuft-hunter, one who seeks the society of titled persons, and submits to their insolence for the supposed honour of their

company. The name was first applied to the sycophants of those undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge who were of noble birth, and who were marked off from ordinary undergraduates by the gold tassel or *tuft* in their college cap. 'Tuft' is college-slang for an undergraduate of rank, and 'tuft-hunter' for a toady of such a one. The word was used by the poet Lloyd in 1774: "Tuft-hunters will buzz and purr about a fellow-commoner". Thackeray says: "At Eton a great deal of snobbishness was thrashed out of Lord Buckram, and he was birched with perfect impartiality. Even there, however, a select band of sucking *tuft-hunters* followed him".

1. 14. two seats in the House of Commons, held by Sir Charles Williams and Soame Jenyns.

1. 15. three seats in the Privy Council, filled by Williams, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Bath. The last, however, had been deprived of the honour in 1731.

1. 16. a blue riband, the distinctive mark of the Order of the Garter. Lord Chesterfield received the honour in 1730.

a red riband, the distinctive mark of the Order of the Bath. Sir Charles Williams was installed a Knight of the Bath in 1746.

1. 22. Lord Chesterfield stands much lower, &c. This disparaging view is explained away by Macaulay in a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. "When I said that Chesterfield had lost by the publication of his letters, I of course considered that he had much to lose; that he has left an immense reputation founded on the testimony of all his contemporaries of all parties, for wit, taste, and eloquence; that what remains of his Parliamentary oratory is superior to anything of that time that has come down to us, except a little of Pitt's. The utmost that can be said of the letters is that they are the letters of a cleverish man, and there are not many which are entitled even to that praise."

§ 12.

1. 32. Gallicism, a French idiom, from *Gallia*, the Roman name for France. "She is dead rich" should, of course, be "She has died rich". Later critics, such as Leslie Stephen, have failed to detect these French idioms in Walpole's writings, unless his deftness and lightness of touch are to be called such. Walpole is almost as idiomatic in his English as Thackeray.

page 11, l. 2. Annibal Caracci (pronounced Ca-ratch-ee), an Italian painter (1560-1609).

§ 13.

1. 9. freemasons of fashion. Freemasons are members of a secret society who recognize each other by certain signs made known only to those initiated into the society. The organization dates

from the Middle Ages, when skilled masons travelling from place to place for the building of cathedrals, &c., found it necessary to adopt certain signs by which, on coming to a strange place, they might be distinguished from impostors. The *freemasons of fashion* were the members of what is technically called 'society', and the French language was the sign by which one was known to belong to this select circle.

1. 13. Its higher uses, &c. Macaulay in turn has been attacked by Leslie Stephen for Philistinism and insular arrogance in deciding so summarily that the chief use of the French language is to interpret English thought to Europe.

1. 18. Bentham, Jeremy (1748-1832), the philosopher who disseminated the utilitarian theory, giving currency to the phrase "the greatest happiness of the greatest number"; and who (in Mill's words) "found the philosophy of law a chaos, and left it a science". He did much for the mitigation of the penal laws, and was remarkable for his advanced theories on politics and legislation. His works—*Principles of Morals and Legislation*, *Civil and Penal Legislation*, *Book of Fallacies*, &c.—influenced greatly a band of disciples, such as Romilly and the Mills in England, and Dumont in France.

Dumont, Pierre (1759-1829), born at Geneva, a French Protestant pastor for a time, came to England in 1785, and was patronized by the Whigs. His liberal views led to an intimacy with Bentham, in translating and editing whose writings he spent the remainder of his life. He thus became to Europe the interpreter (the Aaron) of the great English writer on jurisprudence.

§ 14.

1. 31. Bacon, Francis (1561-1626), overthrew the mediæval methods of science based on the system of Aristotle, and advocated the patient investigation of Nature by the inductive method. He is thus the founder of modern science, though he merely pointed out the way to others rather than made any discoveries himself. He propounded his views in the *Novum Organum* and the *Advancement of Learning*. His *Essays* are widely known.

Newton, Sir Isaac (1642-1727), the greatest of mathematicians and natural philosophers, had discovered the law of gravitation, the refraction of light, &c. These discoveries, given to the world in 1687 in the *Principia*, becoming known to Voltaire on his visit to England (1726-29), were by him made popular on the Continent.

Locke, John (1632-1704), the English philosopher who held that all knowledge arises from sense impressions. His views were expressed in his *Essay on the Human Understanding* (1690). He held original views also about government and education, and wrote *Letters on Toleration* (1689), *Civil Government* (1690), and *Thoughts*

on *Education* (1693). His writings on government, especially his theory of the social contract, exercised a powerful influence on French writers, notably on Rousseau, who, by his book *Contrat Social*, did much to pave the way for the French Revolution.

page 12, l. 1. that great stirring up, &c. English influence was so strong in France in the second half of the eighteenth century that the French were said to suffer from *Anglomania*.

l. 7. golden age, in classical mythology, the earliest period in man's history, when the gods dwelt among men, and the earth produced of itself, and peace prevailed everywhere. Rousseau wished to recover the supposed state of freedom enjoyed by primitive savages by overthrowing existing governments, and all (so-called) artificial bonds of society.

l. 14. St. Dominic (1170-1221), founder of the order of Preaching Friars in 1216, commonly called *Dominicans* or Black Friars. He assisted in the suppression of the Albigenses, a sect in the south of France, who wished to free themselves from the domination of the Romish hierarchy and to revert to the simplicity of doctrine and worship of the primitive Christian church.

Simon de Montfort (1160-1218), father of the Simon de Montfort of English history, the Earl of Leicester and founder of the English Parliament. He undertook in 1208 the crusade against the Albigenses in Provence, and was killed at Toulouse.

l. 15. Provence, so called from the Latin *provincia*, the name given by the Romans to their first conquest in Gaul.

l. 20. error is but opinion in the making. The saying occurs in the *Arcopagitica*, or *Speech in Defence of Unlicensed Printing*.

§ 15.

page 13, l. 1. Walpole had neither hopes nor fears. In 1765 (Oct. 19), Walpole wrote from Paris: "They have no time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left." Later he wrote, "French politics must end in despotism, a civil war, or assassination", and described the age as one "of seeds that are to produce strange crops hereafter". "The next century will probably exhibit a very new era, which the close of this has been, and is, preparing." Such forecasts (says Leslie Stephen), if they had been made by Burke, would have been bailed as marvels of political prophecy.

l. 9. Versailles, the great palace built by Louis XIV.

Marli, a royal country house 10 miles west from Paris, on the Seine, still used by the President of the Republic.

l. 15. the tucking up of Louis XIV., a contemptuous expression for the ceremonial going-to-bed of the French king. Louis XIV. was born in 1638, became king in 1643, and died in 1715.

1. 19. the wars of the Fronde. The Fronde was a French party formed during the minority of Louis XIV. opposed to Cardinal Mazarin, who then held chief power at court, and who had come into conflict with the Parliament of Paris. The word is French for *sling*, and was applied to the members of the party by a witty courtier, who said "they were like school-boys who *sling* stones about the streets when no eye is upon them, but when a watchman approaches off they scamper". The struggle was carried on from 1648 to 1653, during which Mazarin was driven from power, but was soon restored. The opposition to him had degenerated to selfish intrigue and factious strife, so that the name *froudeur* became a term of reproach.

1. 23. Montesquieu (1689-1755), a philosophical writer, author of *Esprit des Loix* (1748) and *Lettres Persanes*.

1. 26. Crébillon (1707-77), a novelist, who, having offended Madame de Pompadour by the indecency of his novel *Le Sopha*, was banished from Paris for five years, but on his return was appointed to the censorship. He surprised Walpole by demanding a copy of the picture painted by Liotard (worth sixteen guineas) in return for sitting for his portrait (Letter of 27th July, 1752).

1. 27. Louvet (1760-97), a French revolutionist, a deputy to the Convention of 1792, author of the novel *Les amours du Chevalier de Faublas*.

Rapin (1661-1725), a Protestant Frenchman, who, being compelled to leave France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, took refuge in Holland, and as a soldier came with William of Orange to England. He distinguished himself at the Boyne and at Limerick, and in his later years wrote *Histoire d'Angleterre*, the best history of England that had appeared up to that time. Even yet it is considered of value by specialists of the 17th century, e.g. Prof. Masson.

1. 32. Don Quixote, one of the greatest of novels, written by the Spanish author, Cervantes. Though professedly a satire on the chivalrous romances of the Middle Ages, it is still universally popular because of the shrewd observations on life and the keen insight into human nature which characterize it.

1. 34. Liotard (1702-89), of Geneva, a noted painter of the French school. His works include portraits of the Pope, and of many of the sovereigns of Europe.

page 14, l. 6. Voltaire (1691-1778), the greatest of French authors, and one of the most versatile writers that ever lived. His works include dramas (*Mérope*, *Zaïre*, *Œdipe*), history (*Charles XII.*, *Age of Louis XIV.*, *Age of Louis XV.*), philosophy, romance, criticism, satire, &c.

Rousseau (1712-78), born at Geneva, author of a political treatise *Contrat Social*, and novels *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, *Emile*, &c.

1. 8. D'Alembert (1717-83), a philosopher and mathematician, who originated the *Encyclopédie*, and so did much to disseminate opinions that prepared men for the Revolution of 1789. Walpole's attitude to him is grossly misrepresented by Macaulay. "D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his éloges and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him anything, provided he never translates me" (Letter of 6th November, 1766).

§ 16.

1. 17. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-92), President of the Royal Academy, and one of the greatest of English painters.

1. 19. Claude, commonly known as Claude of Lorraine (1600-82), a French landscape-painter.

Raphael (1483-1520), the greatest of Italian painters.

1. 22. Burke, Edmund (1730-97), famous as an orator and philosophical statesman; author of *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, *Conciliation with America*, *Reflections on the French Revolution*, &c.

§ 17.

page 15, l. 7. the loss of a . . . munificent and judicious patron. Charles I. deserved to be so called from his patronage of painters like Vandyke and Lely.

1. 11. the austerity of the victorious party. The Puritans destroyed many beautiful works of art—crosses, windows of stained glass, pictures, &c.—and generally were too much occupied with other-worldliness to encourage, or even enjoy, the work of artists.

1. 18. Anabaptist, now shortened to Baptist—one who does not believe in the baptism of infants, but only of adults.

1. 22. Vandyke (1599-1641), the Flemish portrait-painter, who settled in England in 1632.

1. 25. Lely, Sir Peter (1618-80), a German portrait-painter, who settled in England in 1641. He painted the beauties of Charles II.'s court, and the series, preserved at Hampton Court, is known as that of the Windsor Beauties. His special characteristic is the giving of a languid dreamy expression to the eyes.

1. 30. Kneller, Sir Godfrey (1648-1723), a German portrait-painter, who came to England in 1674, and was made court painter. The wearing of wigs having become fashionable at court under French influence in the reign of Charles II., most of his pictures are those of periwigged courtiers. "His works are slight in manner

and monotonous, this arising partly from the habit which he had of lengthening the oval of all his heads" (*Enc. Brit.*). His works include portraits of ten royal personages, ten beauties of the court of William III. (now at Hampton Court), and forty-three celebrities of the Kit-Cat Club.

§ 18.

page 16, l. 22. Lady Hero, a character in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, who, in describing her wayward and mocking cousin, Beatrice, says:

"I never yet saw man
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out," &c.

—Act iii. Sc. 1.

§ 19.

page 17, l. 6. What a difference between these daubs, &c. Clarendon (1608-74) is noted for the skill with which he has portrayed in his *History of the Great Rebellion* the leading men of the time, such as Hampden, Falkland, and Cromwell. But his pictures are the work of an artist deliberately constructing a work of art; Walpole's are (at least in his letters) sketches hit off on the spur of the moment for the amusement of his correspondent. It is just the difference between a picture from Leighton or Millais and a sketch from Lockwood or Gould.

§ 20.

l. 12. Pitt. For Walpole's description of him see Letters of 3rd June, 1778; 8th October, 1778; and *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*

l. 13. Charles Townshend (1725-67), Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1766-67. See Letter of 27th September, 1767.

l. 14. Murray. See note on § 8.

l. 15. Hardwicke, Lord (1690-1764), Philip Yorke. He was Lord Chancellor from 1737 to 1756, and is remembered chiefly by his Marriage Act of 1753, which put an end to Fleet marriages. "The new Chief-Justice (Murray) and the late Chancellor (Hardwicke) pleaded against Byng like little attorneys and did all they could to stifle truth" (Letter of 3rd March, 1757).

l. 17. Temple, Lord (1711-79), brother-in-law of Pitt, in office 1756-61, opposed to Chatham after 1766. He is described by Walpole in the *Memoirs of Reign of George III.* as one who "whispered to Wilkes and Churchill where they might find torches, but took care never to be seen to light one himself". George III. said of him, "when he attempted to argue, he was pert and sometimes insolent". Macaulay's own description of him in the *Essay on Chatham* is more severe than Walpole's: "Those who knew his habits tracked him as men track a mole. It was his nature to grub underground. Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul, crooked labyrinth below."

l. 18. Egmont, Lord (1711-70), entered Parliament in 1741 as a strong opponent of Walpole's, attached himself to the Prince of Wales in 1748, effected a coalition between the Prince's party and the Jacobites, and was a leader of the opposition to the Pelhams. He entered the House of Lords in 1762. Walpole says he was "a very able though not an agreeable orator": "he was never known to laugh, though he was, indeed, seen to smile, and that was at chess".

l. 19. Lyttelton, Lord (1709-73), a politician, connected by family ties with Pitt and the Grenvilles; author of *Dialogues of the Dead*, and a *History of Henry II.*, the latter of which gave rise to Walpole's remark, "How dull we may be, if we will but take pains for six or seven and twenty years together!" He was religiously inclined, and was described by Pope as

"Still true to virtue, and as warm as true".

Lyttelton himself said Thomson wrote

"Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot".

He was the butt of all his contemporaries; e.g. Chesterfield is supposed to have had him in view in the "respectable Hottentot" of his *Letters* (v. *Diet. of Nat. Biog.*). Johnson, too, showed his dislike to him in his *Lives of the Poets*.

l. 20. Onslow, Arthur (1691-1768), for thirty-three years Speaker of the House of Commons (1728-61). Walpole's own description of him is: "Though he was so minutely attached to form that it often made him troublesome in affairs of higher moment, it will be difficult to find a subject whom gravity will so well become, whose knowledge will be so useful and so accurate, and whose fidelity to his trust will prove so unshaken" (*Memoirs of Reign of George III.*).

l. 21. Lord Camden (1713-94), a friend and supporter of Pitt, Earl of Chatham. As Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he declared general warrants illegal and released John Wilkes from prison in 1763.

1. 22. Lord Townshend (1674-1738), originally a Tory, was ambassador at the Hague (1709-11), Secretary of State (1714-16 and 1721-30). He quarrelled with Walpole in 1730, and resigned. His wife was Dorothy Walpole, a sister of Sir Robert's.

Secker (1693-1768), Archbishop of Canterbury from 1758 to his death. (v. Letter of 2nd April, 1750.)

1. 23. Whitefield (1714-70), the great preacher, one of the founders of Methodism. The 'swindling' was of the sort described by Benjamin Franklin, who says: "I happened to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that and determined me to give the silver, and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all."

1. 26. Old Horace, the uncle of the letter-writer. "Do but figure him at 74, looking—not merely well for his age, but plump, ruddy, and without a wrinkle or complaint; doing everybody's business, full of politics as ever from morning till night, and then roaming the town to conclude with a party of whist" (1st May, 1751).

1. 31. Lord Waldgrave (1715-63), governor to George III. from 1752 to 1756. He acted as the king's intermediary at the change of ministry in March, 1757, and was himself First Lord of the Treasury for five days (8th till 12th June, 1757). He married Horace Walpole's niece, and his intimacy with Walpole led the latter to bequeath to his family in reversion most of his MSS., including the letters.

Marshal Conway (1721-95), a cousin of Horace Walpole's, and a prominent soldier and politician of the time. He was a member of Parliament from 1741 to 1784; was present at the battles of Fontenoy and Culloden; was Secretary of State (1765-68), and moved the repeal of the Stamp Act, being a vigorous opponent of the king's policy with regard to the American colonies. He was eulogized by Burke in his *Speech on Conciliation with America*.

§ 21.

page 18, l. 13. Moliere (1622-73), the French writer of comedies—*Tartuffe*, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *Le Misanthrope*, *L'Avare*, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, &c.

1. 14. *Tartuffe*, the principal character in the comedy of that name, a religious hypocrite and impostor, who uses 'religion' as the means of gaining money, covering deceit and self-indulgence. He

is patronized by a wealthy but simple-minded man, Orgon, who promises him his daughter in marriage; but the impostor is found out, expelled from the house, and put in prison. Tartuffe is thought to be a picture of Père la Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV., who was very fond of truffles (Fr. *tartuffes*).

§ 22.

page 19, l. 6. the Sublime, the Beautiful, the Odd. The classification is a common one with writers on Beauty. The Sublime arises from unity without variety, as in the ocean; the Odd or Picturesque from variety without unity; the Beautiful combines unity and variety in a pleasing proportion.

l. 9. The motto, &c. "Where the deuce, Master Ludovico, have you pilfered such absurdities?" The words were addressed to the Italian poet Ariosto, by Cardinal Ippolito, to whom he had dedicated his great poem, the *Orlando Furioso*.

l. 29. the Museum of Sir Hans Sloane, the nucleus of the British Museum in London. Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753), a physician and naturalist, born in County Down, became President of the College of Physicians and President of the Royal Society.

l. 30. the Gallery of Florence. The Uffizi Palace contains many of the finest art treasures in the world, such as the statuary group of the Niobe, pictures by Raphael and Titian, &c. Connected with it by a covered gallery over the Ponte Vecchio is the Pitti Palace, also containing a collection of the very finest pictures.

page 20, l. 8. He coins new words; e.g. of Johnson he says: "His essays I detest. They are full of what I call *triptology*—repeating the same thing thrice over." 'Serendipity' is the word he coins for 'accidental sagacity' (shrewdness à la Sherlock Holmes).

l. 14. Cowley, Abraham (1618-67), considered in his own day the greatest English poet of the time, wrote *Dauidic, Pindaric Odes, The Mistress*.

Donne, John (1573-1631), Dean of St. Paul's, called by Dryden "the greatest wit, though not the best poet of our nation". Ben Jonson thought "he was the first poet in the world in some things, but that he would perish for not being understood". Both he and Cowley possessed *wit* in the old sense of the word—a power of detecting hidden resemblances between things the most diverse; e.g. Donne writes:

"Our two souls, therefore,—which are one—
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;

Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th'otl'r do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th'other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun."

1. 21. illustrations from the laboratory and the schools. The preceding quotation is an example. The schools were the colleges of the Middle Ages, where the learning consisted almost entirely of hair-splitting, wire-drawn arguments on moral and religious questions. (See note on § 52.)

§ 23.

1. 35. Whitaker, John (1735-1808), a Scotch antiquary; wrote a vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Chalmers, George (1742-1825), a Scotch antiquary. His chief work is *Caledonia*.

page 21, 1. 3. Anthony Wood (1632-95), an English antiquary, author of *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

1. 4. Nichols, John (1745-1826), a printer and antiquary associated with the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Granger, James (1716-76), author of a *Biographical History of England*. He was assisted by Walpole in a Catalogue of Prints of English Portraits.

1. 16. his romance. *The Castle of Otranto* is criticised favourably and at great length by Sir Walter Scott in his *Lives of the Novelists*.

1. 22. condottieri (Ital.), mercenary military adventurers in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, one of the most famous of whom was the Englishman Hawkwood.

1. 33. machinery, the supernatural agencies by which the plot of an epic or dramatic poem, or of a novel, is carried on and conducted to the catastrophe. "The machinery", says Pope, "is a term invented by the critics to signify that part which the deities, angels, or dæmons are made to act in a poem."

"The machinery of Walpole's novel is babyish," says Leslie Stephen, "unless we charitably assume the whole to be intentionally burlesque."

§ 24.

l. 35. Walpole's Letters are generally considered as his best performances. Amid all diversities of opinion about Walpole's character, there is but one judgment as to his *Letters*. Lord Byron, in his preface to *Marino Faliero*, says: "It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole—firstly, because he was a nobleman; and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters . . . he is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer". Scott speaks of the letters to Montagu as "lively, entertaining, and unaffected"; "though far from admiring his character, I have always had a high opinion of his talents"; and he proposes to Murray to write an article on the letters. Cunningham, the editor of the standard edition of the letters, says "they are the exact standard of easy, engaging writing. . . . He has the art to interest us in very little matters, and to enliven subjects seemingly the most barren." His latest biographer and critic, Mr. Austin Dobson, says: "The qualities which are his defects in more serious productions become merits in his correspondence; or, rather, they cease to be defects. No one looks for prolonged effort in a gossiping epistle; a weighty reasoning is less important than a light hand; and variety pleases more surely than symmetry of structure. Among the little band of those who have distinguished themselves in this way, Walpole is in the foremost rank; nay, if wit and brilliancy, without gravity or pathos, are to rank highest, he is first. . . . For diversity of interest and perpetual entertainment, for the constant surprises of an unique species of wit, for happy and unexpected turns of phrase, for graphic characterization and clever anecdote, for playfulness, pungency, irony, persiflage, there is nothing in English like his correspondence. And when one remembers that, in addition, this correspondence constitutes a sixty years' social chronicle of a specially picturesque epoch by one of the most picturesque of picturesque chroniclers, there can be no need to bespeak any further suffrage for Horace Walpole's 'incomparable letters'" (*Horace Walpole: a Memoir*, pp. 293-94).

§ 25.

page 22, l. 16. Ensign Northerton, a character in Fielding's *Tom Jones* (Book VII. cc. xii.-xv.), "son to the wife of a nobleman's butler", who held education in the greatest contempt.

l. 17. Hamilton's Bawn, a ruinous building for sheltering cattle near the residence of Sir Arthur Acheson of Gosford, in the north of Ireland. Swift spent almost a year (1728-29) with Sir Arthur, and being amused at the letting of the tumble-down house for a barrack, he composed one of his most amusing poems on the subject, "The Grand Question debated: whether Hamilton's Bawn should

be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-house". The captain has these words put into his mouth :

" A scholar, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose ;
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation ;
My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ".

l. 21. Walpole bestowed much labour, &c. On this point Mr. Austin Dobson says very appositely: "It matters nothing whether he wrote easily or with difficulty; whether he did, or did not, make minutes of apt illustrations or descriptive incidents: the result is delightful" (*Horace Walpole: a Memoir*, p. 294).

§ 27.

page 23, l. 10. Junius, the assumed name of the writer of some caustic letters which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* from 1769 to 1772. The writer is commonly supposed to have been Sir Philip Francis, but the mystery remains unsolved.

l. 15. the column of Fontenoy. At Fontenoy (in May, 1745) the French under Marshal Saxe occupied a strong position fortified by redoubts, except between their centre and their left. Into this unfortified part Cumberland led, in column formation, the main body of the British troops. Though successful in breaking the French line, he exposed his troops to a galling cross-fire from batteries on the flanks, and not being supported by his allies the Dutch, he was forced to retreat. This he did slowly and in good order.

§ 28.

l. 26. Coxe, William (1747-1828), Archdeacon of Wiltshire, author of *History of the House of Austria*, *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*, *Lives of the Kings of Spain*, *Life of Walpole*, &c. As a Whig he is a eulogist of Walpole.

Smollett. See note on § 11. He continued Hume's *History of England*, and as a Tory gave an unfavourable character of Walpole.

§ 29.

l. 30. Carteret, John, Earl Granville (1690-1763), a supporter of Walpole's up to 1730, being Secretary of State (1721-24) and Lord-lieutenant of Ireland (1724-1730); see §§ 53-55. He became virtually Prime Minister in 1742, though nominally only Secretary of State. He retired in 1741, but from 1751 to his death was President of the Council, and twice refused the premiership.

1. 31. the Dictionary, the work of Pierre Bayle (1647-1706), a popular book of reference, or encyclopædia, in the eighteenth century. It gave rise to attacks from the orthodox, and had great influence in the spread of sceptical views.

page 24, l. 1. Excise Bill, of 1733, one of Walpole's fiscal reforms which he was forced to drop. He proposed, with a view to diminish smuggling, to establish bonded warehouses into which importers might carry their commodities, and where they might keep them till required for consumption, the payment of customs dues being made only on the taking out of the commodities.

1. 2. Attorney-General Yorke, became Lord Chancellor in 1737, and subsequently Earl of Hardwicke. See § 20.

Empson and Dudley, the ministers of Henry VII., who made themselves unpopular by the ingenuity and strictness with which they raised taxes, and who were put to death by Henry VIII. Walpole was likened to them by the opponents of the Excise Bill.

1. 4. Westerns, Squire Western, one of the chief characters in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, a rough, jolly, fox-hunting squire. "Scratch those jovial toping aristocrats, and you everywhere find the Squire Western" (Leslie Stephen).

Topehalls. Topehall is the drunken foxhunter in Smollett's *Roderick Random*.

§ 30.

1. 22. an excellent parliamentary tactician, one who can skilfully arrange plans for the effective action of a party in Parliament.

§ 31.

page 25, l. 21. Whig nor Tory precedents. The Whigs had treated the Tory leaders with harshness in 1714, impeaching Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Ormond. Similarly the Tory leaders on coming into power in 1710 had treated the Whigs harshly, Marlborough and Walpole being especially singled out for attack.

§ 32.

1. 34. the freeman, the one who is a burgess, or who has the freedom, of a city. Before the Reform Act of 1832, in most boroughs, only freemen or burgesses had the right of voting for members of Parliament, and as their numbers were sometimes small they could command a high price for their votes.

page 26, l. 5. East Retford was so notorious for bribery practised at the general election of 1826, that a bill was introduced twice into the House of Commons for the disfranchisement of the borough. It was over the attempt to transfer representation from

it to Birmingham that Wellington's ministry lost its more liberal members—Huskisson, Palmerston, Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), &c.

l. 23. Its constitution was oligarchical, a few noble families being able to command a majority. This domination of a few Whig families caused Disraeli to apply to them in his novels the epithet of a Venetian oligarchy.

l. 32. Clifford (1630–73), a member of the Cabal Ministry, which was in power from 1667 to 1673. He held the office of Lord Treasurer, and was an ardent Catholic. By the Test Act of 1673 he was incapacitated from continuing longer in office, and resigned in that year.

l. 33. Danby (1631–1712), Marquis of Carmarthen, and afterwards Duke of Leeds. He was chief minister to Charles II. from 1674 to 1678. Though supporting an Anglican and anti-French policy he applied for a pension from the French court, and this led to his fall and impeachment (1678–79). He was one of "the seven patriots" who signed the invitation to William of Orange in June, 1688. He was Lord President of the Council from 1689 to 1699. He was impeached and disgraced in 1695 for accepting bribes from the East India Company.

page 27, l. 27. The privileges, &c., the exclusion of strangers, the prohibition of reporting proceedings in Parliament, &c.

page 28, l. 3. Privy Council, a body of advisers to the Crown, dating from the reign of Edward I. For effective purposes it is now largely superseded by the Cabinet. In Elizabeth's reign it frequently interfered with members of the Commons for their speeches in Parliament; e.g. one Bell, having been summoned in 1571 before it for attacking licenses granted by the Queen, came into the House "with such an amazed countenance that it daunted all the rest". In 1570, and again in 1588, Peter Wentworth was sent to the Tower by the Privy Council for the boldness of his language in the Commons. In 1593 Morice and others were committed. In 1621 the Earl of Oxford and Sir Edward Coke were sent to the Tower; and in 1629 Sir John Eliot was imprisoned in the Tower, where he died in 1632, a martyr to freedom of speech in Parliament.

§ 33.

l. 12. we hope, &c. This hope, expressed in October 1833, was justified by the political events of 1831–35, when Sir R. Peel, though kept in office for a short time by the influence of the King, was compelled by an adverse majority in the reformed House of Commons to give place to a Liberal Ministry.

l. 23. Bolingbroke (1673–1751). Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, the Tory leader who, at the end of Queen Anne's reign, tried

to secure the Jacobite succession. In his book, *The Patriot King*, he advocated the strengthening of the royal power so that the king should be independent of both Whigs and Tories.

page 29, l. 1. blackmail to Rob Roy, a payment to the famous Highland freebooter for immunity from being plundered. (See Scott's novel *Rob Roy*.)

§ 35.

l. 13. *quieta non movere*, lit. not to move things at rest; let sleeping dogs lie. Such a policy was the one best adapted to the country, so that by a period of peace and prosperity the new dynasty might get firmly established. There was, besides, the danger of a Jacobite restoration down to the battle of Culloden in 1746—a danger greatly increased by war. It was not “great measures” or “important changes” that were called for, but a steady administration and an enlightened financial policy, and these the country got from Walpole.

l. 24. Somers (1650–1716), a Whig lawyer, who won distinction by his defence of the bishops prosecuted by order of James II. in 1688. He was a prominent supporter of the Revolution movement, and was rewarded with the Lord Chancellorship in 1697.

l. 25. Burnet, Gilbert (1643–1715), Bishop of Salisbury, the intimate friend of William and Mary. He wrote a *History of the Reformation* and a *History of my own Times*.

laws against Dissenters. Corporation Act (1662), by which no one could be a member of a municipal corporation without taking the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England, and Test Act (1673), by which civil and military offices could be held only by a similar compliance. They were not repealed till 1828. It is not true that Walpole did nothing: he passed annually an Indemnity Act—a characteristic proceeding by which he did not arouse Church feeling, and yet secured to Dissenters their rightful share in government.

page 30, l. 3. the foolish prosecution of a foolish parson, the impeachment in 1710 by Godolphin and the Whigs of Dr. Sacheverell, who had preached a sermon advocating passive obedience and the divine right of kings, and denouncing the principles of the Revolution. The prosecution was successful, but it made Sacheverell the hero of the hour with the High Church party, and led to the downfall of the Whigs.

l. 14. to break the power of the chiefs. The wisdom and the possibility of this are doubtful. The opposition aroused in Scotland by the Porteous Act was sufficient of itself to sweep away Walpole's majority at the general election of 1741.

l. 22. a war with France and Spain. The war with Spain began in 1739 over questions of colonial trading, and that with France in 1742 over the Austrian Succession. Both were concluded by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.

§ 36.

l. 29. Wood's patent. There being a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, a patent was issued to Wood of Wolverhampton authorizing him to coin £180,000 of halfpence and farthings for Ireland. Though the scheme was in the main a good one, a vigorous opposition was made to it, and Swift by his *Drapier Letters* so alarmed the Government that the patent was revoked.

l. 31. Porteous Bill, of 1736, introduced to deprive Edinburgh of its charter, pull down the city walls, impose a fine on the city, &c., by way of punishment for the Porteous Riot. Walpole showed his good sense in "frittering away" the bill, which was marked in its original form by impolitic severity.

l. 33. Excise Bill. See note on § 29.

page 31, l. 2. Pulteney, Lord Bath. See note on § 11.

§ 37.

l. 11. The conduct of Walpole with regard to the Spanish war. Walpole had succeeded by negotiations in exacting reparation for wrongs done by Spain, but the Opposition in 1739 was so violent that for a time they withdrew from the House of Commons altogether. Though he yielded to the declaration of war (19th October, 1739), he had gloomy forebodings of the issue. He said: "It is not the power of Spain and the power of this nation only that we ought in such a case to know and to compare. We ought also to know what allies our enemies may have, and what assistance we may expect from our friends." He may have suspected the Family Compact of 1733 between France and Spain, and so have been reluctant to engage in a war with Spain that must soon develop into a war with France also.

§ 38.

page 32, l. 23. Richelieu (1585-1642). Cardinal Richelieu, minister of state to Louis XIII., and virtual ruler of France from 1624 to 1642. His foreign policy was a master-piece of genius and boldness, and brought about the humbling of Spain and the raising of France to a preponderance in Europe.

l. 25. His most distinguished coadjutors. Pulteney left him in 1724; Townshend, his brother-in-law, in 1730; Chesterfield

was dismissed in 1733. Carteret resigned his secretaryship in 1724, and his office of Lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1730, owing to differences with Walpole.

§ 39.

1. 35. the exiled head of the House of Stuart. James, eldest son of James II., commonly called the Old Pretender, when forced by a condition of the Treaty of Utrecht to leave French territory, settled at Avignon on the Rhone, then a Papal possession.

page 33, l. 1. the disgraced heir of the House of Brunswick. Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., quarrelled in 1737 with his father, George II., who forbade any one paying court to the Prince and Princess "to be admitted into his Majesty's presence at any of his Majesty's palaces". The Prince was ordered to quit St. James's (a royal palace), and the Duke of Norfolk gave him his house in town (Norfolk House) as a temporary residence. Queen Caroline died a few weeks later, but refused even on her death-bed to see her "disgraced" son.

1. 6. one of the universities, Oxford, "home of lost causes and impossible loyalties" (M. Arnold).

1. 7. the city of London includes only a small part of the metropolis, viz. the original town within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. It is the centre of financial and trading business, so that "the City" often means the financial world.

1. 12. his predecessors had paid court, &c. The Whigs had befriended Addison, giving him a pension, a commissionership of appeals, &c.; Steele, who became gazetteer and a commissioner of stamps; Philips and Tickell, who held appointments in Ireland; Montague, Congreve, Hughes, &c. The Tories had made Prior ambassador at Versailles; Gay, assistant to the embassy to Hanover.

1. 21. the common-rooms of Oxford, the halls of the colleges, where the students dined in *common*.

Filmer, Sir Robert, in his book *Patriarcha*, published in 1680, maintained the doctrine that a king had absolute power over his subjects, just as a father over his children. The book gave rise to a rejoinder by Locke, *Treatise on Civil Government*.

1. 23. Rupert, Prince, son of Elizabeth of the Palatinate, and nephew of Charles I.; the dashing cavalry leader who won many Royalist victories, Chalgrove, &c., but was defeated by Cromwell at Marston Moor (1644) and Naseby (1645).

1. 24. Fairfax, Lord (1612-71), commander of the Parliamentary army (1645-1650) after Essex and before Cromwell.

1. 26. Knight of the Royal Oak, an imaginary order of chivalry, such as expectant Royalists might have looked forward to as

a reward for services to the king, particularly for aid rendered to Charles II. when escaping after the Battle of Worcester in 1651.

l. 30. Livy, the historian of Rome. Though writing in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, he showed a leaning to the old republican constitution of Rome.

Lucan, a Roman poet, author of *Pharsalia*, an epic poem describing the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar. The poem is distinguished by a love of freedom and admiration for resistance (like Cato's) to tyranny.

l. 31. Hampden, John (1594-1643), Cromwell's cousin, the patriot who resisted in 1636 the imposition of the ship-money tax, and who was mortally wounded at Chalgrove Field (1643).

Russell, Lord William (1639-83), accused of treason for complicity in the Rye House Plot, and executed on that charge.

Sydney, Algernon (1621-83), a republican writer, accused and executed on the same charge as Russell.

The names of these three are often brought together, as in Campbell's poem, "Men of England", &c.:

"Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours;
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts".

§ 40.

page 34, l. 15. Argyle, Duke of (1678-1743), "born to shake alike the senate and the field" (Pope). He distinguished himself under Marlborough at Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Mulplaquet. Though generally a Whig, he played into the hands of the Tories between 1710 and 1714, and again in 1721. He had immense influence in Scotland, and he successfully opposed the most severe clauses of the Porteous Act. He has been well depicted by Sir W. Scott in the *Heart of Midlothian*.

l. 16. Wyndham, Sir William (1687-1740), the leader of the Hanoverian Tories.

Doddington, George Bubb (1691-1762), entered Parliament in 1715, acquired the reputation of an assiduous place-hunter, and acted as the chief adviser of Frederick, Prince of Wales, from 1749 to 1751. He was created Baron Melcombe in 1761. He patronized men of letters, and was complimented by Young, Fielding, Bentley, &c. He left a diary covering the period 1749-61.

l. 17. Barnard, Sir John (1685-1764), an English merchant and financier, Lord Mayor of London.

Pope, Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, were closely united by political ties, as well as by the literary friendship which gave rise to their so-called *Scriveners Club*.

l. 18. Glover, a London merchant, author of *Leonidas*, *Boadicea*, and *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*. The last of these alone is read now, and it reflects severely on the remissness of Walpole's administration with reference to Spanish outrages on English sailors in the West Indies:

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight!"

§ 41.

l. 28. Septennial Act, passed in 1716 by the undivided Whig party, had been the means of preventing a possible return to power of the Tories.

§ 42.

page 35, l. 28. Lord Islay, who became Duke of Argyle on the death of his brother, the Duke mentioned in § 40.

The Duke of Newcastle more than suspected. The hostility of Horace Walpole to Newcastle was due to this. Lecky thinks the charge of treachery was false and malignant, and that Newcastle really wished England to take a more energetic part in Continental affairs. It was at Walpole's express desire that he continued in office after Walpole's fall, and he did much to ward off impeachment from his old leader.

l. 32. "Ch' i'", &c. "I always suspect a traitor, and Gan was a traitor before he was born", Gan or Ganelon being a faithless knight of the court of Charlemagne. As a traitor he is placed by Dante in the lowest circle of hell. (*Inferno*, canto 32.)

§ 43.

page 36, l. 4. a defensive war through half the session. Parliament met, after a general election, on 17th December, 1741, and Walpole, finding his majority dropping, and finally being in a minority of one on the Chippenham election petition, resigned on 1st February, 1742.

l. 10. his paintings. Sir R. Walpole's collection of pictures, 'the glory of Houghton', consisted of 222 paintings, some of them being the very best specimens of Italian art, while there were also examples of the Dutch, French, and English schools. The collection was sold to the Czarina Catherine for £40,000, and is now in the Hermitage Palace in St. Petersburg. There are many references to these pictures in the Letters of Horace Walpole, who availed himself of the services of Sir Horace Mann in collecting some of them. One of the most curious of Horace Walpole's works is a

Sermon preached before the Earl of Orford, on Painting, the text being nominally taken from Psalm cxv. 5, but really from the collection of pictures in the room at Houghton.

§ 44.

page 37, l. 7. a political millennium. A millennium is literally a period of 1000 years, but specially it is the period of 1000 years mentioned in the Book of Revelation, when the powers of evil are to be chained, and Christ is to reign on the earth. Hence it commonly means a period of paradisaical happiness. A 'political millennium' would be a period in which perfection of government was attained.

l. 12. the golden days, &c. The Tory Government (1710-14) came into power on a wave of public feeling directed against the prosecutors of the High Church hero, Dr. Sacheverell. True to its origin, it passed laws against Dissenters, such as the Occasional Conformity Act (1711) and the Schism Act (1713).

§ 45.

page 38, l. 2. an unjustifiable war against his will. Burke said: "I have seen, and with some care examined, the original documents concerning certain important transactions of those times. They perfectly satisfied me of the extreme injustice of that war, and of the falsehood of the colours which Walpole, to his ruin, and guided by a mistaken policy, suffered to be daubed over that measure."

l. 6. Timoleon (415-337 B.C.), one of Plutarch's Greek heroes, a Corinthian who expelled the tyrants from the Greek towns in Sicily.

l. 7. Brutus, in early Roman history, helped to expel the last of the Roman kings. The most famous Brutus, however, was one of the conspirators and murderers of Julius Caesar. After his defeat at Philippi (42 B.C.) by Mark Antony and Octavianus, he committed suicide.

§ 46.

l. 23. the publicity of parliamentary proceedings. Reports of speeches in Parliament were not allowed till 1771.

l. 24. rotten boroughs, boroughs which, before the Reform Act of 1832, had the right of returning members of Parliament, although they were so rotten or decayed that few or no electors or inhabitants were to be found in them. Old Sarum, in Wiltshire, is the classical example, there being not a single inhabitant in the old borough. The name was applicable also from the corruption of the electors.

l. 25. the disposal of employments. The difficulty of leaving this either to Crown or Parliament has been overcome by the system of competitive examinations for the Civil Service.

§ 47.

page 39, l. 23. Temple Bar, a gateway, formerly between Fleet Street and the Strand, marked the western boundary of the City of London proper. The old gateway was removed in 1878. Royal personages proceeding from any of the palaces (which are in the western parts of London) are received by the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar, as recently the Queen was on going to St. Paul's in 1897. A monumental griffin now marks the spot.

§ 48.

l. 35. standing armies. They were unpopular with Tories who recalled the tyranny of Cromwell's army, and with Whigs who remembered James II.'s army on Hounslow Heath.

page 40, l. 13. placemen, men who have obtained and who hold their appointments by the favour of those in power. They were mostly excluded from Parliament by Burke's Economic Reform Act of 1782.

l. 14. pensioners. Burke's Act of 1782 restricted the power of the Crown to grant pensions.

§ 49.

l. 30. grave and elevated satire. Dryden excelled in this, as he showed by his poems *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Medal*, *Mac-Flecknoe*, &c.

l. 34. apostrophe is a figure of speech in which one addresses the absent as present, or the dead as living.

§ 50.

page 41, l. 10. Lady Vane (1713-88), a penniless beauty who married at the age of nineteen a son of the Duke of Hamilton. Queen Caroline spoke of the pair as "the handsome beggars". Three years later (1735) she married Lord Vane, an English peer with a large fortune. Her life of gallantry was overlooked by her husband, whom she ridiculed and abhorred. In 1737 Lord Vane advertised in the newspapers for the recovery of his wife, who had disappeared. In 1751 she paid Smollett to insert in *Peregrine Pickle* "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality", a narrative of her own experiences. She was called by Horace Walpole "a living academy of love-lore".

§ 51.

l. 14. the expected show on Tower Hill, the beheading of Walpole, the Tower being the place of confinement and execution for traitors.

§ 52.

1. 32. philological and metrical questions with Bentley, questions relating to language and metre. Bentley (1662-1742) was the greatest classical scholar produced by England. He won distinction by showing that the so-called *Letters of Phalaris* were not genuine. He was helped by Carteret in his edition of Homer.

page 42, l. 5. Canonists, expounders of the *canon* (or church) law.

Schoolmen, the divines and philosophers of the Middle Ages, who taught in the cloisters or cathedral *schools* founded by Charlemagne and his successors. The chief schoolmen or 'scholastics' were Duns Scotus, Peter Lombard, William Occam, &c.

1. 7. the universities of Saxony and Holland. The universities of Saxony (Prussian) were Jena, Wittenberg, Erfurt, Halle; of Saxony (proper), Leipzig. Grotius (1583-1645), the ablest writer on international law, was educated at Leyden, and produced in 1624 his master-piece, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*. His ideas were developed by Puffendorf, a native of Saxony and a student at the universities of Leipzig and Jena; he became Professor of the Law of Nations at Heidelberg. Wolff, also a student of Jena, became a lecturer at Leipzig and Professor at Halle. Vattel, who systematized the doctrines of these three, was in the diplomatic service of Saxony.

1. 8. Harte, Walter (1709-74), poet and historian, travelling tutor to Lord Chesterfield's son. His chief work, *History of the Life of Gustavus Adolphus*, was called by Carlyle "a wilderness", while the style was characterized by Chesterfield as "execrable. It is full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all isms but Anglicism."

1. 16. Chemnitius, Philip (1605-78), a German historian, author of the *History of the Swedish War in Germany*.

§ 55.

page 43, l. 11. Carteret joined the Opposition—not immediately on resigning his secretaryship in 1724, but on resigning his office of Lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1730.

§ 56.

1. 25. the Queen of Hungary, Maria Theresa, whose succession to the Austrian dominions was disputed in 1740. Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Spain, Sardinia, and ultimately France, tried to despoil her of part of her possessions. It was only by the devotion of her Hungarian subjects and the help of Britain that she came out of the struggle, in 1748, partly successful.

page 44, l. 6. the whole cry. 'Cry' is used in Shakespeare for a pack of hounds, so called from their baying; e.g. in *Coriolanus*,

iii. 3. 120, "You common cry of curs!" In *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 289 it is used for a company, "a cry of players".

§ 58.

page 45, l. 5. a bold attempt to recover power. In February, 1746, he held office as Secretary of State (according to a political squib of the time) for forty-eight hours, three quarters, seven minutes, eleven seconds.

§ 59.

l. 14. many good stories; *v.* Letters of 22nd March, 15th April, 8th May, 18th June, 1744, and 4th January, 1745.

l. 25. Fox, Henry, Lord Holland (1705-74), Secretary-at-war from 1746 to 1756, and subsequently Paymaster of the Forces. He was a rival of the elder Pitt, just as his famous son, Charles James Fox, was a rival of the younger Pitt. He is described by Lecky as "a bold, bad man, educated in the school of Walpole, but almost destitute of principle, patriotism, and consistency. He possessed rare talents for business and intrigue, and social qualities which gave him great influence, and won for him much affection."

§ 60.

page 46, l. 6. the victim of Jephthah. Judges xi. 30, 31.

l. 19. The name of patriot, &c. See Letter of 21st August, 1755.

l. 24. the rebellion of the Highland clans (1745-46), commonly known as the *Forty-five*.

l. 29. Peace was patched up, by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.

page 47, l. 2. Lord Egmont. See note on § 20.

l. 5. Salisbury. Robert Cecil (1550-1612), first Earl of Salisbury, son of Lord Burleigh, the leading statesman of Elizabeth's reign, was the chief minister of James I. till his death in 1612.

Strafford, T. Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (1593-1641), minister of Charles I. from 1629 to 1641, and advocate of the policy of 'Thorough'.

l. 6. Clarendon, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1674), minister of Charles II. from 1660 to 1667.

Somers. See note on § 35.

§ 61.

l. 14. his financial expositions. Pelham's one great service as a financier was his conversion of the National Debt in 1749, by which the interest on it was reduced to three per cent.

1. 26. His own paymaster. Pitt accepted office in 1746, and resigned in 1755.

1. 27. His own secretary-at-war. "Fox, though voting for it, tearing it to pieces" (Letter, 30th May, 1751).

1. 28. Regency Bill, of 1751, passed after the death of the Prince of Wales, to provide for the contingency of George II. dying before his successor was of age.

1. 29. Lord Burlington, Richard Boyle (1695-1753), an enthusiastic architect and an admirer of Palladio, the founder of modern Italian architecture

§ 62.

page 48, l. 14. An interview between his Grace and Jeanie Deans, after the manner of the interview between the heroine of the *Heart of Midlothian* and John, Duke of Argyre.

1. 22. Lincoln's Inn Fields, the largest square in London. It was laid out by Inigo Jones, and was the scene of the execution of Lord William Russell in 1683.

1. 24. his star, which he wore as a Knight of the Garter.

1. 31. printers' devils, the youngest apprentices in a printing office, whose duty it is to run errands.

Walpole's Duke. The picture of "the burlesque Duke of Newcastle" at George II.'s funeral in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey is a good example. "He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in the stall, the archbishop [Secker] hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or who was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then he returned from fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble" (Walpole's Letters; see also letters of 14th July, 1748, and 20th April, 1757).

1. 35. the Moorish envoy. It is Algerine in Smollett (*v. Humphrey Clinker*, Letter of Melford, 5th June). "He suddenly bolted out, with a shaving-cloth under his chin, his face frothed up to the eyes with soap-lather, and running up to the ambassador, grimed hideous in his face, 'My dear Mahomet,' said he, 'God love your long beard! I hope the Dey will make you a horse-tail at the next promotion, ha, ha, ha!—Have but a moment's patience, and I'll send to you in a twinkling.' So saying he retreated into his den, leaving the Turk in some confusion."

page 49, l. 9. he was always in a hurry. Lord Wilmington said of him he always appeared to have lost half-an-hour in the morning, and to be running after it all the rest of the day.

l. 12. Justice Shallow, a character in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Henry IV.* (Second Part), a country Justice of the Peace whose qualities are summed up in his name.

l. 18. where is Annapolis? The story is in Walpole's *Memoirs of George II.*, vol. i. p. 396.

l. 19. Cape Breton an island! The story is in the same letter as that about the envoy quoted above.

§ 63.

l. 23. thirty years, 1724-54; First Lord of the Treasury, 1754-56 and 1757-62.

l. 32. the old usurer, Trapbois, the usurer described in cc. 17-25 of the *Fortunes of Nigel*. "The old gentleman in the kersey hood, who was believed, even at his extreme age, to understand the plucking of a pigeon as well as, or better than, any man of Alsatia."

§ 64.

page 50, l. 16. new maxims, from Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*, such as that the king should govern as well as reign, should form a party of his own friends, &c.

l. 17. new favourites. Lord Bute became Secretary of State in 1761 and Prime Minister in 1762.

§ 65.

l. 27. at no remote time. In point of fact, Macaulay resumed the subject almost immediately, contributing to the next number of the *Edinburgh Review* (January, 1834) the first of his brilliant essays on William Pitt.

APPENDIX

EXTRACTS FROM WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

2nd May, 1736.—You desire I would burn your letters: I desire you would keep mine.

6th May, 1736.—Narrations of the greatest actions of other people are tedious in comparison of the serious trifles that every man can call to mind of himself while he was learning those histories. Youthful passages of life are the chippings of Pitt's diamond, set into little heart-rings with mottoes; the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable.

30th September, 1739.—But the road, West, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and surrounded with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines, or lost in clouds! Below, a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing, their silver speed down channelled precipices, and hasting into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge with a broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This sounds too bombast and too romantic to one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this noble roaring scene, as you were reading it. Almost on the summit, upon a fine verdure, but without any prospect, stands the Chartreuse. We staid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wished for a painter, wished to be poets! Need I tell you we wished for you? Good-night!

5th July, 1740.—My pen is a curiosity, and worthy to be laid up with the relics which we have just been seeing in a small hovel of Capucins on the side of the hill, and which were all brought by his Majesty from Jerusalem. Among other things of great sanctity there is a set of gnashing of teeth, the grinders very en-

tire; a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful against Easter; the crisping and curling, frizzling and frouncing of Mary Magdalen, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that showed us these commodities was got into such a train of calling them the blessed this and the blessed that, that at last he showed us a bit of the blessed fig-tree that Christ cursed.

2nd October, 1740.—Mr. Addison travelled through the poets and not through Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are.

26th May, 1742.—To-day calls itself May the 26th, as you perceive by the date; but I am writing to you by the fireside, instead of going to Vauxhall. If we have one warm day in seven "we bless our stars, and think it luxury". And yet we have as much waterworks and fresco diversions, as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the garden cost £16,000. Twice a week there are to be Ridottos, at guinea-tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. Our operas are almost over; . . . but all the run is now after Garrick, a wine-merehant, who is turned player. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. . . . I am sure you hate me all this time, for chatting about so many trifles, and telling you no politics. I own to you, I am so wearied, so worn with them, that I scarce know how to turn my hand to them; but you shall know all I know.

29th July, 1742.—They have given Mrs. Pulteney an admirable name, and one that is likely to stick by her: instead of Lady Bath they call her the Wife of Bath. Don't you figure her squabbling at the gate with St. Peter for a halfpenny?

9th December, 1712.—Lord Chesterfield says that "if we have a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining this crown we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another king from thence". Adieu! my dear child. I am sensible that I write you short

letters, but I write you all I know. I don't know how it is, but *the wonderful* seems worn out.

24th February, 1743.—Our troops are actually marched, and the officers begin to follow them—I hope they know whither! You know in the last war in Spain, Lord Peterborough rode galloping about to inquire for his army.

22nd March, 1744.—I will not talk any more politically, but turn to hymeneals, with as much indifference, as if I were a first Minister. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor?—only my Lord Carteret! This very week! a drawing-room conquest! Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that family—her own ambition, vanity, and resentment—love she never had any. . . My Lord Chesterfield says: "It is only another of Carteret's vigorous measures".

15th April, 1744.—The chief entertainment has been the nuptials of our great Quixote and the fair Sophia. On the point of matrimony she fell ill of a scarlet fever, and was given over, while he had the gout, but heroically sent her word that if she was well, he *would* be so. They corresponded every day, and he used to plague the Cabinet Council with reading her letters to them. Last night they were married; and as all he does must have a particular air in it, they supped at Lord Pomfret's: at twelve, Lady Granville, his mother, and all his family went to bed but the porter: then my Lord went home, and waited for her in the lodge: she came alone in a hackney-chair, met him in the hall, and was led up the back stairs to bed. . . . There is a wild young Venetian ambassadress come, who is reckoned very pretty. She said, "Lord! the old secretary is going to be married!" They told her he was but fifty-four. "But fifty-four! why," said she, "my husband is but two-and-forty, and I think him the oldest man in the world."

8th May, 1744.—There is to be a great ball to-morrow at the Duchess of Richmond's for my Lady Carteret: the Prince is to be there. Carteret's court pay her the highest honours, which she receives with the highest state. I have seen her but once, and found her just what I expected, *très grande dame*; full of herself, and yet not with an air of happiness. She looks ill and is grown lean, but is still the finest figure in the world. The mother is not so exalted as I expected. I fancy Carteret has kept his resolution, and does not marry her too.

18th June, 1744.—I will not fail to make your compliments to the

Pomfrets and the Carterets. I see them seldom, but I am in favour: so I conclude, for my Lady Pomfret told me the other night, that I said better things than anybody. I was with them all at a subscription-ball at Ranelagh last week, which my Lady Carteret thought proper to look upon as given to her, and thanked the gentlemen, who were not quite so well pleased at her condescending to take it to herself. My Lord stayed with her there till four in the morning. They are all fondness, walk together, and stop every five steps to kiss. The ball was an excessively hot night, yet she was dressed in a magnificent brocade, because it was new that morning for the inauguration day. I did the honours of all her dress: "How charming your Ladyship's cross is! I am sure the design was your own." "No, indeed; my Lord sent it me just as it is." "How fine your ear-rings are!" "Oh! but they are very heavy." Then as much to the mother. Do you wonder I say better things than anybody?

26th November, 1744.—Lord Granville has *resigned*; that is the term, *l'honnête façon de parler*; but in few words the truth of the history is, that the Duke of Newcastle—(by the way, mind that the words I am going to use, are not mine, but his Majesty's)—"being grown as jealous of Lord Granville as he had been of Lord Orford, and wanting to be first Minister himself, which, a puppy! how should he be?" (*autre phrase royale*), and his brother being as susceptible of the noble passion of jealousy as he is, have long been conspiring to overturn the great Lord.

4th January, 1745.—She (Lady Granville) had begun to keep Tuesdays before her Lord resigned, which now she continues with greater zeal. Her house is very fine, she very handsome, her Lord very agreeable and extraordinary; and yet the Duke of Newcastle wonders that people will go thither. . . You can't imagine how my Lady Granville shines in doing honours; you know she is made for it. My Lord has new-furnished his mother's apartment for her, and has given her a magnificent set of dressing-plate; he is very fond of her, and she as fond of his being so.

1st February, 1745.—How it would make a philosopher smile at the vanity of politics! How it diverts me, who can entertain myself at the expense of philosophy, politics, or anything else! Mr. Conway says I laugh at all serious characters—so I do—and at myself too, who am far from being of the number. Who would

not laugh at a world, where so ridiculous a creature as the Duke of Newcastle can overturn Ministries!

29th March, 1745.—The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's called "Tancred and Sigismunda": it is very dull: I have read it. I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incorrectness of English verse, are most wofully insipid. I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than "Leonidas" or "The Seasons"; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside, who writes odes; in one he has lately published, he says, "Light the tapers, urge the fire".

11th May, 1745.—We don't allow it (Fontenoy) to be a victory on the French side. We remained upon the field of battle three hours; I fear, too many of us remain there still! Without palliating it, it is certainly a heavy stroke. We never lost near so many officers. I pity the Duke (of Cumberland), for it is almost the first battle of consequence that we ever lost. . . . The Duke behaved very bravely and humanely. However coolly the Duke may have behaved, and coldly his father, at least his brother (the Prince of Wales) has outdone both. He not only went to the play the night the news came, but in two days made a ballad. It is in imitation of the Regent's style, and has miscarried in nothing but the language, the thoughts, and the poetry. . . . [Poem quoted.]

1st August, 1745.—The disposition of the drama is in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle—those hands that are always groping and sprawling, and fluttering, and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person. If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains, always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one should have a comparative idea of him. For my own part, I comfort myself with the humane reflection of the Irishman in the ship that was on fire—I am but a passenger! If I were not so indolent, I think I should rather put in practice the late Duchess of Bolton's geographical resolution of going to China, when Whiston told her the world would be burnt in three years. . . . It is quite the fashion to talk of the French coming here. Nobody sees it in any other light than a thing to be talked of, not to be pre-cautioned against. Don't you remember a report of the plague being in the city, and everybody went to the house where it was to see it?

6th September, 1745.—I look upon Scotland as gone! I think of what King William said to Duke Hamilton, when he was extolling Scotland: "My Lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it!"

27th September, 1745.—One does not hear the Boy's personal valour cried up: by which I conclude he was not in the action. Our dragoons most shamefully fled without striking a blow, and are with Cope, who escaped in a boat to Berwick. I pity poor him, who with no shining abilities, and no experience, and no force, was sent to fight for a crown. He never saw a battle but that of Dettingen, where he got his red ribbon. We have lost all our artillery, 500 men taken—and *three* killed and several officers.

22nd November, 1745.—We were put into great spirits by a heroic letter from the Mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying: "And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his Majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together". But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The King spoke of him at his levee with great encomiums. Lord Stair said: "Yes, sir, Mr. Patterson has behaved very bravely". The Duke of Bedford interrupted him: "My lord, his name is not *Patterson*; that is a Scotch name: his name is *Pattinson*". But, alack! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in wagons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr. Patterson or Pattinson—for now his name may be which one pleases—instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay £2000 to save it from pillage. . . . Yesterday they (the Ministry) had another baiting from Pitt, who is ravenous for the place of Secretary-at-war. They would give it him; but as a preliminary, he insists on a declaration of our having nothing to do with the Continent. He mustered his forces, but upon the question his party amounted but to 36; in short, he has nothing left but his words, and his haughtiness, and his Lytteltons, and his Grenvilles!

1st August, 1746.—I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! You will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions.

Three-parts of Westminster Hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency; . . . 139 lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches frequent and full. . . . I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! . . . Lord Balmerino is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. . . . When the lords were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go. Old Balmerino cried, "Come, come, put it with me!" At the bar he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-jailer; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself.

Lord Balmerino said that one of his reasons for pleading not guilty, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show. . . . He said, "They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve". . . . The King is much inclined to some mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, "Then let it be of the *Butchers*!"

14th October, 1746.—The young Pretender is landed in France with thirty Scotch, but in such a wretched condition that his Highland Highness had no breeches. . . . Cope is come off most gloriously, his courage ascertained, and even his conduct, which everybody had given up, justified. . . . We are a wretched people, and have seen our best days!

24th October, 1746.—What a pity it is I was not born in the golden age of Louis XIV., when it was not only the fashion to write folios, but to read them too! or rather, it is a pity the same fashion don't subsist now, when one need not be at the trouble of

invention, nor of turning the whole Roman history into romance for want of proper heroes. Your campaign in Scotland, rolled out and well be-epitheted, would make a pompous work, and make one's fortune. At sixpence a number, one should have all the damsels within the liberties for subscribers; whereas now, if one has a mind to be read, one must write metaphysical poems in blank verse, which, though I own to be still easier, have not half the imagination of romances, and are dull without any agreeable absurdity. Only think of the gravity of this wise age, that have exploded "Cleopatra and Pharamond", and approve "The Pleasures of the Imagination", "The Art of Preserving Health", "Leonidas"! I beg the age's pardon: it has done approving these poems, and has forgot them.

8th June, 1747.—You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little finches wave their wings in gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it up for themselves; up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predeceased* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow. You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity, while Parliament is bursting about my ears. You know, it is going to be dissolved;

they say the Prince has taken up £200,000 to carry elections which he won't carry; he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo, to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords. . . .

I could tell you much election news, none else; though not being thoroughly attentive to so important a subject, as to be sure one ought to be, I might now and then mistake, and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning officer instead of the candidate. In general, I believe, it is much as usual—those sold in detail that afterwards will be sold in the representation—the ministers bribing Jacobites to choose friends of their own—the name of well-wishers to the present establishment, and patriots outbidding ministers that they may make the better market of their own patriotism—in short, all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold; though, whenever we become posterity and forefathers, we shall be in high repute for wisdom and virtue. My great-great-grandchildren will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle, and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unspotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot ploughshares without hurting the sole of his foot. How merry my ghost will be, and shake its ears to hear itself quoted as a person of consummate prudence! Adieu, dear Harry!—Yours ever.

14th July, 1748.—There are no good anecdotes yet arrived of the Duke of Newcastle's travels, except that at a review which the Duke (of Cumberland) made for him, as he passed through the army, he hurried about with his glass up to his eye, crying, "Finest troops! finest troops! greatest General!" then broke through the ranks when he spied any Sussex man, kissed him in all his accoutrements—my dear Tom such an one! chattered of Lewes races; then back to the Duke with "Finest troops! greatest General!" and in short, was a much better show than any review.

3rd May, 1749.—On Monday there was a subscription masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was immensely corpulent. Miss Evelyn . . . and Mrs. Pitt were in vast beauty, particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously hand-

some. Mr. Conway was the Duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont. . . .

If you ever think of returning to England, you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe that by that time it will be necessary: this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty, and Mr. Lyttelton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest—I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark; and gaming joined with it.

11th March, 1750.—In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, exactly a month since the first shock, the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting forth from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. . . . I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done; there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much chinaware. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "Lord, one can't help going into the country!" A parson who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said, "I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment". . . .

The Middlesex election is carried against the Court; and the Prince, in a green frock (and I won't swear, but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat), sat under the Park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the

voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant. This is wise!

2nd April, 1750.—You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgments*; and the clergy who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations; Secker, the Jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But, what is more astonishing, Sherlock, who has much better sense, and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which 10,000 were sold in two days; and 50,000 have been subscribed for, since the two first editions.

I have advised several, who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" . . .

There is come from France a Madame Bocage, who has translated Milton. My Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original; but that is not uncommon for him to do, who is the patron of bad authors and bad actors. She has written a play too, which was damned—and worthy my Lord's approbation. You would be more diverted with a Mrs. Holman, whose passion is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody to it. She goes to the drawing-room to watch for sneezes; whips out a curtsy, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday.

1st April, 1751.—Prince George, who has a most amiable countenance, behaved excessively well on his father's death. When they told him of it, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Aycough said, "I am afraid, sir, you are not well!" He replied, "I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew!" Two men were heard lamenting the death (of the Prince of Wales) in Leicester fields: one said, "He has left a great many small children!"

"Ay," replied the other, "and what is worse, they belong to our parish!" But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in a sermon at Mayfair chapel. "He had no great parts, but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices: he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company."

18th June, 1751.—Your friend St. Leger is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear; the judge said to him, "I see, Sir, you are very ready to take an oath." "Yes, my Lord," replied St. Leger, "my father was a judge." . . .

Harcourt's wisdom has already disgusted the young Prince (George III.). "Sir, pray hold up your head! Sir, for God's sake, turn out your toes!" Such are Mentor's precepts!

27th July, 1752.—The tutorhood at Kew is split into factions: the Bishop of Norwich and Lord Harcourt openly at war with Stone and Scott, who are countenanced by the Princess. So my Lord Bolinbroke dead, will govern—which he never could living!

11th December, 1752.—The Princess says the Bishop taught the boys nothing; he says he never was suffered to teach them anything. The first occasion of uneasiness was the Bishop's finding the Prince of Wales reading the *Revolutions of England*, written by Père d'Orleans to vindicate James II., and approved by that Prince.

12th June, 1753.—Under two gloomy arches you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork; the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros' hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears—all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart in the holy wars. . . . I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the rooms are. The only two good chambers I shall have

are not yet built: they will be an eating-room and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post.

6th October, 1753.—Forgive me, my dear child, you who are a Minister, for holding your important affairs so cheap. I amuse myself with Gothic and painted glass, and am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon. I shall tell you one or two events within my own very small sphere, and you must call them a letter. I believe I mentioned having made a kind of *armoury*: my upper servant, who is full as dull as his predecessor, has had his head so filled with *arms*, that the other day, when a man brought home an old chimney-back which I had bought for having belonged to Henry VII., he came running in and said, "Sir, Sir! here is a man has brought some more armour!"

Last week when I was in town, I went to pay a bill to the glazier who fixed up the painted glass. I said, "Mr Palmer, you charge me seven shillings a day for your man's work; I know you give him but two shillings; and I am told that it is impossible for him to earn seven shillings a day." "Why, no, Sir," replied he, "it is not that, but one must pay house-rent, and one must eat, and one must wear." I looked at him, and he had on a blue silk waistcoat with an extremely broad gold lace. I could not help smiling. I turned round and saw his own portrait, and his wife's and his son's. "And I see," said I, "one must sit for one's picture: I am very sorry that I am to contribute for all you must do!" Adieu! I gave you warning that I had nothing to say.

21st August, 1755.—There is not a mob in England now capable of being the dupe of patriotism; the late body of that denomination have really so discredited it, that a Minister must go great lengths indeed before the people would dread him half so much as a patriot! On the contrary, I believe nothing would make any man so popular or conciliate so much affection to his Ministry, as to assure the people that he never had nor ever would pretend to love his country.

19th May, 1756.—Nothing will be more agreeable to me than to see you at Strawberry Hill; the weather does not seem to be of my mind, and will not invite you. I believe the French have taken the sun. Among other captures, I hear the King has taken

another English mistress. . . . As I have already told you one mob story of a king, I will tell you another: *they say*, that the night the Hanover troops were voted, *he* sent Schutz for his German cook, and said, "Get me a very good supper; get me all de varieties; I don't mind expense".

My Lord Denbigh is going to marry a fortune: I forget her name. My Lord Gower asked him how long the honeymoon would last. He replied, "Don't tell me of the honeymoon; it is harvestmoon with me". Adieu!

17th October, 1756.—If folly and extravagance are symptoms of a nation's being at the height of their glory, we never were in a more flourishing situation. My Lord Rockingham and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of £500 between five turkeys and five geese to run from Norwich to London. . . . Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish Speaker, Mr. Ponsonby, has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket*: George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table, said, "How easily the Speaker passes the money-bills!"

October, 1756.—I am quite alone: in the morning I view a new pond I am making for gold-fish, and stick in a few shrubs of trees wherever I can find a space, which is very rare; in the evening I scribble a little; all this mixed with reading. The only thing I have done that can compose a paragraph, and which I think you are Whig enough to forgive me, is that on each side of my bed I have hung up *Magna Charta* and the warrant for King Charles' execution, on which I have written *Major Charta*, as I believe without the latter the former by this time would be of very little importance.

4th November, 1756.—My dear Sir, what a present and future picture have I given you! The crisis is most melancholy and alarming. I remember two or three years ago I wished for more active times, and for events to furnish our correspondence. I think I could write you a letter almost as big as my Lord Clarendon's History. What a bold man is he who shall undertake the administration! How much shall we be obliged to him! How mad is he, whoever is ambitious of it! Adieu!

20th April, 1757.—The Duke of Grafton still languishes: the Duke of Newcastle has so pestered him with political visits, that the physicians ordered him to be excluded: yet he forced himself into the house. The Duke's gentlemen would not admit him into the bedchamber, saying, his Grace was asleep. Newcastle

protested he would go in on tiptoe and only look at him—he rushed in, elattered his heels to waken him, and then fell upon the bed, kissing and hugging him. Grafton waked: “God! what’s here?”—“Only I, my dear Lord.”—Buss, buss, buss, buss!—“God! how can you be such a beast to kiss such a creature as I am, all over plaisters! get along, get along!” and turned about and went to sleep. Newcastle hurries home, tells the mad Duchess that the Duke of Grafton was certainly light-headed, for he had not known him, and frightens her into fits.

21st October, 1758.—When I speak my opinion to you, Sir, about what I dare say you care as little as I do (for what is the merit of a mere man of letters?), it is but fit I should answer you as sincerely on a question about which you are so good as to interest yourself. That my father’s life is likely to be written, I have no grounds for believing. I mean I know nobody that thinks of it. For myself, I certainly shall not, for many reasons. A reason to me myself is that I think too highly of him, and too meanly of myself, to presume I am equal to the task. . . . I have another personal reason that discourages me from attempting this task, or any other, besides the great reluctance that I have to being a voluminous author. Though I am by no means the learned man you are so good as to call me in compliment, though, on the contrary, nothing can be more superficial than my knowledge, or more trifling than my reading,—yet, I have so much strained my eyes, that it is often painful to me to read even a newspaper by daylight. In short, Sir, having led a very dissipated life, in all the hurry of the world of pleasure, I scarce ever read but by candlelight after I have come home late at nights. I own I prefer my eyes to anything I could ever read, much more to anything I could write. However, after all I have said, perhaps I may now and then, by degrees, throw together some short anecdotes of my father’s private life and particular story, and leave his public history to more proper and more able hands, if such will undertake it. Before I finish on this chapter, I can assure you he did forgive my Lord Bolingbroke—his nature was forgiving: after all was over, and he had nothing to fear or disguise, I can say with truth, that there were not *three* men of whom he ever dropped a word with rancour.

9th December, 1758.—I am just undertaking an edition of Lucan, my friend Mr. Bentley having in his possession his father’s notes and emendations on the first seven books. Perhaps a partiality

for the original author concurs a little with this circumstance of the notes, to make me fond of printing, at Strawberry Hill, the works of a man, who, alone of all the classics, was thought to breathe too brave and honest a spirit for the perusal of the Dauphin and the French. . . . I prefer Lucan to Virgil. To speak fairly, I prefer great sense, to poetry with little sense. There are hemistichs in Lucan that go to one's soul and one's heart;—for a mere epic poem, a fabulous tissue of uninteresting battles that don't teach one even to fight, I know nothing more tedious. The poetic images, the versification and language of the *Æneid*, are delightful; but take the story by itself, and can anything be more silly and unaffecting? There are a few gods without power, heroes without character, heaven-directed wars without justice, inventions without probability, and a hero who betrays one woman with a kingdom that he might have had, to force himself upon another woman and another kingdom to which he had no pretensions, and all this to show his obedience to the gods! In short, I have always admired his numbers so much, and his meaning so little, that I think I should like Virgil better if I understood him less.

Have you seen, Sir, a book which has made some noise—"Helvetius de l'Esprit"? The author is so good and moral a man, that I grieve he should have published a system of as relaxed morality as can well be imagined; his philosophy may be new in France, but is greatly exhausted here. He tries to imitate Montesquieu, and has heaped common-places upon common-places, which supply or overwhelm his reasoning; yet he has often wit, happy allusions, and sometimes writes finely. There is merit enough to give an obscure man fame; flimsiness enough to depreciate a great man.

19th January, 1759.—Though the Parliament is met, no politics are come to town; one may describe the House of Commons like the price of stocks—Debates, nothing done. Votes, under par. Patriots, no price. Oratory, books shut. Love and war are as much at a stand; neither the Duchess of Hamilton nor the expeditions are gone off yet. Prince Edward has asked to go to Quebec, and has been refused. If I was sure they would refuse me, I would ask to go thither too.

25th February, 1759.—There is but one opinion about Mr. Robertson's "*History (of Scotland)*". I don't remember any other work that ever met universal approbation. Since the Romans and the Greeks, who have now an exclusive charter for being the best writers in

every kind, he is the historian that pleases me best; and though what he has been so indulgent as to say of me ought to shut my mouth, I own I have been unmeasured in my commendations. I can add with the strictest truth, that he is regarded here as one of the greatest men that this island has produced.

11th July, 1759.—Can I think we want writers of history while Mr. Hume and Mr. Robertson are living? It is a truth and not a compliment that I never heard objections made to Mr. Hume's history without endeavouring to convince the persons who found fault with it, of its great merit and beauty: and for what I saw of Mr. Robertson's work, it is one of the purest styles, and of the greatest impartiality, that I ever read. . . .

I have no kind of intention of continuing to write. I could not expect to succeed again with so much luck—indeed, I think it so—as I have done; it would mortify me more now, after a little success, to be despised, than it would have done before; and if I could please as much as I should wish to do, I think one should dread being a voluminous author. My own idleness, too, bids me desist. If I continued, I should certainly take more pains than I did in my Catalogue.

13th September, 1759 (to Sir H. Mann).—With your unathletic constitution I think you will have a greater weight of glory to represent than you can bear. Besides *all* the West Indies which we have taken by a panic, there is Admiral Boscawen has demolished the Toulon squadron, and has made *you* Viceroy of the Mediterranean. I really believe the French will come hither now, for they can be safe nowhere else. If the King of Prussia should be totally undone in Germany, we can afford to give him an appanage, as a younger son of England, of some hundred thousand miles on the Ohio. . . . I would keep this letter back for a post, that I might have but one trouble of sending you Quebec too; but when one has taken so many places, it is not worth while to wait for one more.

Lord George Sackville, the hero of all conversation, if one can be so for not being a hero, is arrived. He immediately applied for a Court-Martial, but was told it was impossible now, as the officers necessary are in Germany. This was in writing from Lord Holderness—but Lord Ligonier in words was more squab—"If he wanted a Court-Martial, he might go seek it in Germany". . . .

I cannot help smiling at the great objects of our letters. We

never converse on a less topic than a kingdom. We are a kind of citizens of the world, and battles and revolutions are the common incidents of our neighbourhood. But that is and must be the case of distant correspondences; kings and empresses that we never saw, are the only persons we can be acquainted with in common. Adieu! my compliments to any monarch that lives within 500 miles of you.

21st October, 1759.—Your pictures shall be sent as soon as any of us go to London, but I think that will not be till the Parliament meets. Can we easily leave the remains of such a year as this? It is still all gold. I have not dined or gone to bed by a fire till the day before yesterday. Instead of the glorious and ever memorable year, 1759, as the newspapers call it, I call it this ever-warm and victorious year. We have not had more conquest than fine weather: one would think we had plundered East and West Indies of sunshine. Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories. I believe it will require ten votes of the House of Commons before people will believe it is the Duke of Newcastle that has done this, and not Mr. Pitt. One thing is very fatiguing—all the world is made knights or generals. Adieu! I don't know a word of news less than the conquest of America. Adieu!—Yours ever.

P.S.—You shall hear from me again if we take Mexico or China before Christmas.

2nd P.S.—I had sealed my letter, but break it open again, having forgot to tell you that Mr. Cowslade has the pictures of Lord and Lady Cutts, and is willing to sell them.

8th November, 1759.—The town is empty, but is coming to dress itself for Saturday. My Lady Coventry showed George Selwyn her clothes; they are blue with spots of silver, of the size of a shilling, and a silver trimming, and cost—my lord will know what. She asked George how he liked them; he replied, "Why, you will be change for a guinea". . . .

One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted and to be transported; in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's. George Selwyn says, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

14th January, 1760.—Sir Cloudesley Shovel said that an admiral would deserve to be broke who kept great ships out after the end of September, and to be shot if after October. There is Hawke

in the bay weathering *this* winter, after conquering in a storm. For my part, I scarce venture to make a campaign in the Opera House; for if I once begin to freeze, I shall be frozen through in a moment. I am amazed with such weather, such ravages, and distress, that there is anything left in Germany, but money; for thither half the treasure of Europe goes: England, France, Russia, and all the Empress can squeeze from Italy and Hungary—all is sent thither. . . .

Yet rake I am, and ahominably so, for a person that begins to wrinkle reverently. I have sat up twice this week till between two and three with the Duchess of Grafton at loo, and on Saturday night I supped with Prince Edward at my Lady Rochford's, and we stayed till half an hour past three. My favour with that Highness continues, or rather increases. He makes everybody make suppers for him to meet me, for I still hold out against going to Court. . . .

I was diverted the other morning with another volume on birds by Edwards, who has published four or five. The poor man, who is grown very old and devout, begs God to take from him the love of natural philosophy. But what struck me most were his dedications. The last was to God; this is to Lord Bute: as if he was determined to make his fortune in one world or the other.

4th April, 1760.—At present, nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel called "*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*": the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion of his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed.

20th June, 1760 [apropos of a new edition of Walton's *Compleat Angler*].—I wish he did not think angling so very innocent an amusement. We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport—sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer t'other day who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for in the middle of conversation, he rose, and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know that the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so

too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir C. Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection to me, that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear Garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon these two Universities.

1st September, 1760 (at Chatsworth).—The principal front of the house is beautiful, and executed with the neatness of wrought plate; the inside is most sumptuous, but did not please me; the heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues, and allegoric gentlefolks are crowded into every room, as if Mrs. Holman had been in heaven and invited everybody she saw.

(At Hardwicke).—The house is not Gothic, but of that betweenity, that intervened when Gothic declined and Palladian was creeping in—rather, this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers, aye, vast, such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. The great apartment is exactly what it was when the Queen of Scots was kept there. Her council-chamber—the council-chamber of a poor woman, who had only two secretaries, a gentleman-usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids—is so outrageously spacious, that you would take it for King David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.

16th April, 1761.—I must tell you an admirable *bon mot* of George Selwyn, though not a new one. When there was a malicious report that the eldest Tufton was to marry Dr. Duncan, Selwyn said: "How often will she repeat that line of Shakespeare,

'Wake Duncan with this knocking—would thou couldst!'"

22nd July, 1761.—For my part, I believe Mlle. Scuderi drew the plan of this year. It is all royal marriages, coronations, and victories; they come tumbling so over one another from distant parts of the globe, that it looks just like the handiwork of a lady romance writer, whom it costs nothing but a little false geography to make the Great Mogul in love with a Princess of Mecklenburg, and defeat two marshals of France as he rides post on an elephant to his nuptials. I don't know where I am. I had scarce found Mecklenburg-Strelitz with a magnifying-glass before I am whisked to Pondicherry. Well, I take it, and raze it. I begin to grow

acquainted with Colonel Coote, and figure him packing up chests of diamonds, and sending them to his wife against the King's wedding. Thunder go the Tower guns, and behold Broglie and Soubise are totally defeated; if the mob have not much stronger heads and quicker conceptions than I have, they will conclude my Lord Granby is become nabob. How the deuce in two days can one digest all this? Why is not Pondicherry in Westphalia? I don't know how the Romans did, but I cannot support two victories every week. Well, but you will want to know the particulars. Broglie and Soubise united, attacked our army on the 15th, but were repulsed; the next day, the Prince Mahomet Ali Cawn (Khan)—no, no, I mean Prince Ferdinand—returned the attack, and the French threw down their arms and fled, run over my Lord Harcourt who was going to fetch the new Queen; in short, I don't know how it was, but Mr. Conway is safe, and I am as happy as Mr. Pitt himself.

. . . a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days.

27th September, 1761 (the Coronation).—Well, it was all delightful, but not half so charming as its being over. The gabble one heard about it for six weeks before, and the fatigue of the day, could not well be compensated by a mere puppet-show; for puppet-show it was, though it cost a million.

20th March, 1762.—I am glad you are pleased, Sir, with my "Anecdotes of Painting"; but I doubt you praise me too much. It was an easy task when I had the materials collected, and I would not have the labours of forty years, which was Vertue's case, depreciated in compliment to the work of four months, which is almost my whole merit. Style is become, in a manner, a mechanical affair, and if to much ancient lore our antiquaries would add a little modern reading, to polish their language and correct their prejudices, I do not see why books of antiquities should not be made as amusing as writings on any other subjects.

12th August, 1762.—A Prince of Wales was born this morning; the prospect of your old neighbour [the Pretender] at Rome does not improve; the House of Hanover will have numbers in its own family sufficient to defend their crown—unless they marry a

Princess of Anhalt Zerbst. What a shocking tragedy that has proved already! This northern Athaliah, who has the modesty not to name her murdered *husband* in that light, calls him *her neighbour*. . . . You see how this Russian revolution has seized every cell in my head—a Prince of Wales is passed over in a line, the peace in another line. I have not even told you that the treasure of the *Hermione*, reckoned £800,000, passed the end of my street this morning in one-and-twenty wagons. Of the Havannah I could tell you nothing if I would; people grow impatient at not hearing from thence. Adieu! You see, I am a punctual correspondent when empresses commit murders.

3rd October, 1762.—I cannot here, at a distance from the world and unconcerned in it, help feeling a little satisfaction when my country is successful; yet, tasting its honours and elated with them, I heartily, seriously wish they had their *quintus*. What is the fame of men compared to their happiness? Who gives a nation peace, gives tranquillity to all. How many must be wretched, before one can be renowned! A hero bets the lives and fortunes of thousands, whom he has no right to game with; but, alas! Cæsars have little regard to their fish and counters!

30th April, 1763.—I surprise myself with being able to write two pages of pure English; I do nothing but deal in broken French. The two nations are crossing over and figuring-in. We have had a Count d'Usson and his wife these six weeks; and last Saturday arrived a Madame de Boufflers, *scarante, galante*, a great friend of the Prince of Conti, and a passionate admirer *de nous autres Anglois*.

2nd May, 1763.—The plot thickens: Mr. Wilkes is sent to the Tower for the last *North Briton*; a paper whose fame must have reached you. It said Lord Bute had made the King utter a gross falsehood in his last speech. This hero is as bad a fellow as ever here was, abominable in private life, dull in Parliament, but, they say, very entertaining in a room, and certainly no bad writer, besides having had the honour of contributing a great deal to Lord Bute's fall. Lately in Calais, when the Prince de Cr y, the Governor, asked how far the liberty of the press extended in England, he replied, "I cannot tell, but I am trying to know". I don't believe this will be the only paragraph I shall send you on this affair.

17th May, 1763.—We breakfasted in the great parlour, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionettes. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-

house, I carried them into mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:—

The Press speaks—

For Madame de Boufflers.

The graceful fair, who loves to know,
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow, . . .
Shall read her praise in every clime
Where types can speak or poets rhyme.

. . . The Cabinet, and the glory of yellow glass at top, which had a charming sun for a foil, did surmount their indifference, especially as they were animated by the Duchess of Grafton, who had never happened to be here before, and who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place, and was peculiarly so to-day—*apropos*, when do you design to come hither?

. . . I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after twelve they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight. I am going to dine in town, and to a great ball with fireworks at Miss Chudleigh's, but I return hither on Sunday, to bid adieu to this abominable Arcadian life.

21st May, 1763.—Oh, that you had been at Chudleigh's ball t'other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The Queen's real birthday, you know, is not kept: this Maid of Honour kept it. . . . The fireworks were fine, and succeeded well. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their Majesties; on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems and illuminated; mottoes beneath in Latin and English. 1. For the Prince of Wales, a ship, *Multorum spes*. . . . 4. Princess Augusta, a bird of paradise, *Non habet parem*—unluckily this was translated, '*I have no peer*'. People laughed out, considering where this was exhibited. . . .

29th December, 1763.—When the King comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the House, there is not a single applause; to the Queen there is little; in short, *Louis le bien aimé* is not French at present for King George.

11th January, 1764.—It is an age, I own, since I wrote to you: but except politics, what was there to send you? and for politics, the present are too contemptible to be recorded by anybody but journalists, gazetteers, and such historians! . . . Instead of politics, therefore, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my Lady Suffolk's on New Year's morn, where I found Lady Temple and others. On the toilet Miss Hotham spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper in which, in a hand as small as Buckinger's who used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines:—

Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,
A New Year's gift from Mab our queen, &c. . . .

I abominate politics more and more; we had glories and would not keep them. Well! content that there was an end of blood; then perks prerogative its ass's ears up; we are always to be saving our liberties, and then staking them again! 'Tis wearisome! I hate the discussion, and yet one cannot always sit at a gaming-table and never make a bet. I wish for nothing, I care not a straw for the ins or the outs: I determine never to think of them, yet the contagion catches me; can you tell me anything that will prevent infection? Oh! that I had been born to love a court like Sir William Breton!

13th August, 1764.—Mr. Legge is dead. He was heartily in the minority, and said cheerfully just before he died, "that he was going to the majority".

5th October, 1764.—I am wofully in want of reading, and sick to death of all our political stuff, which, as the Parliament is happily at the distance of three months, I would fain forget till I cannot help hearing of it. I am reduced to Guicciardini, and though the evenings are so long, I cannot get through one of his periods between dinner and supper. They tell me Mr. Hume has had sight of King James's journal; I wish I could see all the trifling passages that he will not deign to admit into history. I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers, because I do not care sixpence for what they would be thought, but for what they are.

Mr. Elliot brings us woful accounts of the French ladies, of the decency of their conversation, and the nastiness of their behaviour.

Nobody is dead, married, or gone mad, since my last. Adieu!
20th December, 1764.—. . . the works of Richardson—those deplorably tedious lamentations, *Clarissa*, and *Sir C. Grandison*, which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher.

12th February, 1765.— . . . an entertaining petition of the periwig-makers to the King, in which they complain that men will wear their own hair. Should one almost wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate, that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs? *Apropos*, my Lady Hertford's friend, Lady Harriet Vernon, has quarrelled with me for smiling at the enormous head-gear of her daughter, Lady Grosvenor. She came one night to Northumberland House, with such display of friz, that it literally spread beyond her shoulders. I happened to say it looked as if her parents had stinted her in hair before marriage, and that she was determined to indulge her fancy now. This, among ten thousand things said by all the world, was reported to Lady Harriet, and has occasioned my disgrace. . . . We have not a new book, play, intrigue, marriage, elopement, or quarrel; in short, we are very dull. . . . Long days in the House kill me, and weary me into the bargain. The individuals of each party are alike indifferent to me; nor can I at this time of day grow to love men whom I have laughed at all my lifetime—no, I cannot alter; Charles Yorke or a Charles Townshend are alike to me, whether ministers or patriots. When one has seen the whole scene shifted round and round so often, one only smiles, whoever is the present Polonius or the Gravedigger, whether they jeer the Prince, or flatter his phrenzy.

14th February, 1765.—It is more mortifying to me to reflect how great and respectable we were three years ago, than satisfactory to see those insulted who have brought such shame upon us. They will be gathered to the Oxfords, and Bolingbrokes, and ignominious of former days; but the wound they have inflicted is perhaps indelible. That goes to *my* heart, who had felt all the Roman pride of being one of the first nations upon earth!

9th March, 1765.—I waked one morning in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from six o'clock to half after one in the morning.

. . . a delightful publication of this winter, *A Collection of Old Ballads and Poetry* (by Dr. Percy).

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. . . . You see how one gossips, when one is alone, and at quiet on one's own dunghill! Well! it may be trifling; yet it is such trifling as Ambition never is happy enough to know. Ambition orders palaces, but it is Content that chats for a page or two over a bower.

25th May, 1765 (on Ministerial Changes).—When I recollect all I have seen and known, I seem to be as old as Methuselah; indeed I was born in politics,—but I hope not to die in them. With all my experience, these last five weeks have taught me more than any ten years; accordingly a retreat is the whole scope of my wishes; but not yet arrived.

28th July, 1765 (on old age and gout).—I shall still be a gay shadow. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my Whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principle, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake.

14th September, 1765 (Paris).—I am but two days old here, and I doubt I wish I was really so, and had my life to begin, to live it here. My Lady Hertford has cut me to pieces, and thrown me into a caldron with tailors, periwig-makers, milliners, &c., and I am come out quite new, with everything but youth. . . . I will say nothing of my spirits, which are indecently juvenile.

. . . The Dauphin is ill, and thought in a very bad way. I hope he will live, lest the theatres should be shut up. You know I never trouble my head about royalties, farther than it affects my interest. In truth, the way that princes affect my interest is not the common way.

22nd September, 1765.—For literature, it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly; and in this country one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is worst of all; could one believe that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favourites! The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His History, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing.

. . . I have done with the world and live in it rather

than in a desert, like you. Few men can bear absolute retirement, and we English worst of all. We grow so humorsome; so obstinate and capricious, and so prejudiced that it requires a fund of good-nature like yours not to grow morose. Company keeps our rind from growing too coarse and rough; and though at my return I design not to mix in public, I do not intend to be quite a recluse.

25th January, 1766.— . . . the Maréchale de Luxembourg. She has been very handsome, very abandoned, and very mischievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers are gone, and she thinks the devil is coming. . . . A *plaisanterie* of mine, on Rousseau, got about, was liked much more than it deserved, spread like wild-fire, and made me the subject of conversation. . . . I did not tell you that by great accident, when I thought on nothing less, I stumbled on an original picture of the Comte de Grammont. Adieu!

29th February, 1766.—It has been a question not only whether Mr. Conway and his friends (the Whigs) should remain Ministers, but whether we should not draw the sword on our colonies and provoke them and the manufacturers at home to rebellion. The goodness of Providence, or Fortune by its permission, has interposed, and I hope prevented blood; though George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, who so mercifully checked our victories, in compassion to France, grew heroes the moment there was an opportunity of conquering our own brethren. It was actually moved by them and their banditti to send troops to America.

The stout Earl of Bute, who is never afraid when not personally in danger, joined his troops to his ancient friends, late foes, and now new allies. Yet this second race of Spaniards, so fond of gold and thirsting after American blood, were routed by 274; their whole force amounting but to 134. . . . (the Duke of York), a milk-white angel, white even to his eyes and eye-lashes, very purblind, and whose tongue runs like a fiddlestick. . . . But let us talk of your Cardinal Duke of York. *York* seems a title fated to sit on silly heads—or don't let us talk of him; he is not worth it. . . . The end of Stanislaus (ex-King of Poland) was calm and gay, like his life, though he suffered terribly, and he said so extraordinary a life could not finish in a common way. The poor Queen had sent him the very night-gown that occasioned his death: he wrote to her, "*C'étoit pour me tenir chaud, mais il m'a tenu trop chaud*". . . . The Emperor at the head of

Europe, and encompassed with Roman minic eagles, tied to the apron-strings of a bigoted and jealous virago.

20th June, 1766.—I could cry through a whole page over the bad weather. I have but a lock of hay, and I cannot get it dry, unless I bring it to the fire. I would give half-a-crown for a penny-worth of sun. It is abominable to be ruined in coals in the middle of June.

. . . I was saying before George Selwyn, that Swift's journal put me in mind of the present time, there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system; but I added, "There is nothing new under the sun". "No," said Selwyn, "nor under the grandson." My Lord Chesterfield has done me much honour: he told Mrs. Anne Pitt that he would subscribe to any politics I should lay down. When she repeated this to me, I said, "Pray, tell him I have laid down politics".

10th October, 1766.—I have been to one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long, that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted): but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution. . . . a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Wesley is a lean elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a soupçon of curl at the end. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. . . . There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a pure rosy vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the "Noble Authors".

27th September, 1767.—Our comet is set too. Charles Townshend is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished; those volatile salts are evaporated; that first eloquence of the world is dumb! That duplicity is fixed, that cowardice terminated heroically.

You will be most concerned for the poor Duke of York, who has ended his silly, good-humoured, troublesome career, in a piteous manner.

18th February, 1768 (to the poet Gray).—My writings are the most hasty trifles in the world, and though I may be fond of the subject when fresh, I constantly forget them in a very short time after they are published. This would sound like affectation to others,

but will not to you. It would be affected, even to you, to say I am indifferent to fame. I certainly am not, but I am indifferent to almost anything I have done to acquire it. The greater part are mere compilations, and no wonder they are, as you say, incorrect, when they are commonly written with people in the room, as "Richard" and the "Noble Authors" were.

People think me too free with the King of Prussia. A newspaper has talked of my known inveteracy to him. Truly, I love him as well as I do most kings. . . .

Boswell is a strange being, and has a rage of knowing anybody that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris in spite of my teeth and my doors. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he is now a little sick of Rousseau himself; but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me.

12th March, 1768.—I do not think that I shall repent my resolution [of retiring from Parliament]. What could I see but sons and grandsons playing over the same knaveries, that I have seen their fathers and grandfathers act? Could I hear oratory beyond my Lord Chatham's? Will there ever be parts equal to Charles Townshend's? Will George Grenville cease to be the most tiresome of beings?

15th April, 1768.—I was happy with your telling me how well you love me, and though I don't love loving, I could have poured out all the fulness of my heart to such an old and true friend; but what am I the better for it, if I am to see you but two or three days in the year? I thought you would at last come and while away the remainder of life on the banks of the Thames in gaiety and old tales. We shall neither of us ever be grave: dowagers roost all around us, and you could never want cards or mirth.

9th June, 1768 (account of the case of Wilkes).—Yesterday was fixed for the appearance of Wilkes in Westminster Hall. The Judges went down by nine in the morning, but the mob had done breakfast still sooner, and was there before them, and as Judges stuffed out with dignity and lamb-skins are not absolute sprites, they had much ado to glide through the crowd.

I was told to-day that at London there are murmurs of a war. I shall be sorry if it prove so. Deaths! suspense, say victory:—how end all our victories? In debts and a wretched peace! Mad

world, in the individual or the aggregate! What is a war in Europe to me more than a war between the Turkish and Persian Emperors? True, yet self-love makes one love the nation one belongs to, and vanity makes one wish to have that nation glorious. Well! I have seen it so; I have seen its conquests spread farther than Roman eagles thought there was land. I have seen, too, the Pretender at Derby. . . . We were down at Derby, we were up at both Indies; I have no curiosity for any intermediate sights. . . . The least symptom of a war will certainly cure him (Chatham).

15th June, 1768.—Zephyr is a north-east wind, that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue; and then they cry *This is a bad summer!* As if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle coal, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other.

27th July, 1768 (to M. de Voltaire).—I am neither so unpolished as to tell you to your face how much I admire you, nor, though I have taken the liberty to vindicate Shakespeare against your criticisms, am I vain enough to think myself an adversary worthy of you. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you, than of contesting them.

16th August, 1768.—A royal visitor, quite fresh, is a real curiosity—by the reception of him (King of Denmark) I do not think many more of the breed will come hither. . . . This great king is a very little one; not ugly nor ill-made. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather, or of a cock-sparrow; and the divine white eyes of all his family by the mother's side.

30th August, 1769.—I have not yet seen Madame du Barri, nor can get to see her picture at the exposition in the Louvre, the crowds are so enormous that go thither for that purpose. As royal curiosities are the least part of my vertù, I wait with patience.

17th September, 1769.—. . . to the chapel, Madame Du Barri arrived. . . . Surrounded by prelates, was the amorous, and still handsome king. One could not help smiling at the mixture of piety, pomp, and carnality.

6th May, 1770.—The tocsin seems to be sounded to America. I have many visions about that country, and fancy I see twenty empires and republics forming upon vast scales over all that continent, which is growing too mighty to be kept in subjection to half-a-dozen exhausted nations in Europe. As the latter sink and the others rise, they who live between the eras will be a sort

of Noahs, witnesses to the period of the old world and origin of the new. . . .

We are at the height of extravagance and improvements, for we do improve rapidly in taste as well as in the former. I cannot say so much for our genius. Poetry is gone to bed, or into our prose; we are like the Romans in that too. If we have the arts of the Antonines,—we have the fustian also. . . .

What strides modern ambition takes! We are the successors of Aurungzebe; and a virago under the Pole sends a fleet into the Ægean Sea to rouse the ghosts of Leonidas and Epaminondas, and burn the capital of the second Roman Empire!

6th May, 1770.—I shall never pass a triste old age in turning the Psalms into Latin or English verse. My plan is to pass away calmly: cheerfully if I can; sometimes to amuse myself with the rising generation, but to take care not to fatigue them, nor weary them with old stories which will not interest them; as their adventures do not interest me.

1st January, 1771.—If we did not chat about our neighbour kings I don't know how we should keep up our correspondence, for we are better acquainted with King Louis, King Carlos, and Empresses Katherine and Theresa, than you with the English I live amongst, or I with your Florentines.

22nd February, 1771.—The scene that is closed here seems to be but opening in France. The Parliament of Paris banished; a new one arbitrarily appointed; the Princes of the Blood refractory and disobedient; distress everywhere; if the army catches the infection what may not happen, when the King is despised, his agents detested, and no Ministry settled? Some say the mistress and her faction keep him hourly diverted or drunk. . . .

(In Denmark), the Queen has got the ascendant, has turned out favourites and Ministers, and literally wears the breeches, actual buckskin.

26th April, 1771.—I gave the Duchess of Queensberry¹ this stanza:

To many a Kitty, Love his ear
Will for a day engage,
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair
Obtained it for an age.

¹ Prior, fifty-six years before, had written of her:

Kitty, at Heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

30th July, 1771 (Paris).—The distress here is incredible, especially at Court. The King's tradesmen are ruined, his servants starving, and even angels and archangels cannot get their pensions and salaries, but sing "Woe, woe, woe!" instead of Hosannahs. . . . You never saw a great nation in so disgraceful a position. Their next prospect is not better: it rests on an imbécile (Louis XVI.) both in mind and body.

5th August, 1771.—English gardening gains ground here prodigiously. This new *Anglomanie* will literally be *mad English*.

28th January, 1772.—Any one popular merit can confer all merit. Two women talking of Wilkes, one said he squinted—t'other replied, "Squints!—well, if he does, it is not more than a man should squint".

9th April, 1772.—The House of Commons is embarked on the ocean of Indian affairs. I went thither the other day to hear Charles Fox, contrary to a resolution I had made of never setting my foot there again. Fox's abilities are amazing at so very early a period, especially under the circumstances of so dissolute a life. He was just arrived from Newmarket, had sat up drinking all night, and had not been in bed.

10th July, 1774.—The prevailing style is not to reform, though Lord Lyttelton pretends to have set the example.

6th October, 1774.—It would be unlike my attention and punctuality to see so large an event as an irregular dissolution of Parliament, without taking any notice of it to you. The chief motive is supposed to be the ugly state of North America. . . . There are whispers of their having assembled an armed force, and of earnest supplications arrived for succours of men and ships. A civil war is no trifle; and how are we to suppress or pursue in such a vast region, with a handful of men. I am not an Alexander to guess; and for the fleet, can we put it upon castors and wheel it from Hudson's Bay to Florida?

. . . All the freebooters, that are not in India, have taken to the highway. The lane between me and the Thames is the only safe road I know at present, for it is up to the middle of the horses in water.

22nd October, 1774.—Charles II. said of a foolish preacher, who was very popular in his parish, "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense".

24th November, 1774.—The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. At last, some curious traveller from

Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra.

4th April, 1776.—It is but fair, when one quits one's party, to give notice to those one abandons. I must confess I am totally altered, and instead of being a warm partisan of liberty, now admire nothing but despotism. You will naturally ask what place I have gotten, or what bribe I have taken? But, as my conversion is of foreign extraction, I shall not be the richer for it. In one word, it is the *relation du lit de justice* that has operated the miracle. When two ministers (Turgot and Malesherbes) are found so humane, so virtuous, so excellent as to study nothing but the welfare and deliverance of the people; when a king listens to such excellent men; and when a parliament, from the basest motives, interposes to intercept the blessing, must I not change my opinions and admire arbitrary power?

Can we wonder mankind is wretched, when men are such beings? Parliaments run wild with loyalty, when America is to be enslaved or butchered. They rebel, when their country is to be set free! I am not surprised at the idea of the devil being always at our elbows. They who invented him, no doubt could not conceive how men could be so atrocious to one another, without the intervention of a fiend. Don't you think, if he had never been heard of before, that he would have been invented on the late partition of Poland!

20th June, 1776.—Unalterable in my principles, careless about most things below essentials, indulging myself in trifles by system, annihilating myself by choice, but dreading folly at an unseemly age, I contrive to pass my time agreeably enough, yet see its termination approach without anxiety. This is a true picture of my mind; and it must be true, because drawn for you [Conway], whom I would not deceive, and could not if I would.

1st December, 1776.—Voltaire, who first brought us (English) into fashion in France, is stark mad at his own success. Out of envy to writers of his own nation, he cried up Shakespeare; and now is distracted at the just encomiums bestowed on that first genius of the world in the new translation.

19th June, 1777.—I believe M^rPherson's success with *Ossian* was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand. If any man was to tell you that monkish rhymes had been dug up at

Herculaneum, which was destroyed several centuries before there was any such poetry, should you believe it? Just the reverse in the case of Rowley's pretended poems. They have all the elegance of Waller and Prior, and more than Lord Surrey—but I have no objection to anybody believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius—but I cannot think that Rowley foresaw metres that were invented long after he was dead, or that our language was more refined at Bristol in the reign of Henry V. than it was at Court under Henry VIII.

3rd June, 1778.—I am not more an enthusiast to Lord Chatham's memory than you. I knew his faults and his defects—yet one fact can not only not be controverted, but I doubt becomes more remarkable every day—I mean that under him we attained not only our highest elevation, but the most solid authority in Europe. When the names of Marlborough and Chatham are still pronounced with awe in France, our little cavils make a puny sound. . . .

I have taken a thorough dislike to being an author; and if it would not look like begging you to compliment me, by contradicting me, I would tell you, what I am most seriously convinced of, that I find what small share of parts I had, grown dulled—and when I perceive it myself, I may well believe that others would not be less sharp-sighted. It is very natural: mine were spirits rather than parts.

8th October, 1778.—Lord Chatham was a meteor, and a glorious one; people discovered that he was not a genuine luminary, and yet everybody in mimicry has been an *ignis fatuus* about him. Why not allow his magnificent enterprises and good fortune, and confess his defects, instead of being bombast in his praises? A Minister who inspires great actions must be a great Minister; and Lord Chatham will always appear so,—by comparison with his predecessors and successors. He retrieved our affairs when ruined by a most incapable Administration; and we are fallen into a worse state since he was removed.

22nd March, 1779.—I see as little chance of recovering America as of re-conquering the Holy Land.

16th September, 1779.—How astonished was I at finding that you did not mention the dreadful eruption of Vesuvius. Surely you had not heard of it! What are kings and their popguns to that wrath of nature! How Sesostriis, at the head of an army of nations, would have fallen prostrate to earth before a column of blazing embers 11,000 feet high! . . .

Lord Temple is dead by an accident. I never had any esteem for his abilities or character. He had grown up in the bask of Lord Chatham's glory, and had the folly to mistake half the rays for his own. The world was not such a dupe; and his last years discovered a selfish restlessness, and discovered to him, too, that no mortal regarded him but himself.

13th January, 1780.—Last night I took up a volume of letters to Swift from Bolingbroke, Bathurst, and Gay; and what was there but lamentations on the ruin of England, in that era of its prosperity and peace, from wretches who thought their own want of power a proof that their country was undone! Oh, my father! twenty years of peace, and credit, and happiness, and liberty, were punishments to rascals who weighed everything in the scales of self!—a man who in twenty years never attempted a stretch of power, did nothing but the common business of administration, [&c. . . .] Like Hamlet, I recollected the prosperity of Denmark when my father ruled, and compared it with the present moment! I look about for a Sir Robert Walpole; but where is he to be found? . . . I sum up my wishes in that for peace; but we are not satisfied with persecuting America, though the mischief has recoiled on ourselves.

3rd March, 1780.—I am heartily weary both of diversions and politics, and am more than half inclined to retire to Strawberry.

5th June, 1780 (account of the Gordon Riots).—The magistrates soon brought the Horse and Foot Guards, and the pious ragamuffins soon fled: all their religion consisted in outrage and plunder. Count Haslang's chapel was broken open and plundered; and as he is a Prince of Smugglers as well as Bavarian Minister, great quantities of run tea and contraband goods were found in his house. . . . When grace, robbery, and mischief make an alliance, they do not like to give over:—but ten miles from the spot are a thousand from truth.

29th November, 1781.—. . . the captivity of Lord Cornwallis and his army, the Columbus who was to bestow America on us again. A second army taken in a drag-net is an uncommon event, and happened but once to the Romans, who sought adventures everywhere. We have not lowered our tone on this new disgrace, though I think we shall talk no more of insisting on *implicit submission*. Well! there ends another volume of the American war. It looks a little as if the history of it would be all we should have for it

except £10,000,000 of debt, and three other wars that have grown out of it.

P.S.—Is there any china left in the Great Duke's collection made by Duke Francis I. himself? Perhaps it was lately sold with what was called the refuse of the wardrobe.

26th August, 1785.—*I* am asking for samples of Ginori's porcelain at sixty-eight! Well! are not heirs to great names and families as frail foundations of happiness? and what signifies what baubles we pursue? Philosophers make systems, and we simpletons collections; and we are as wise as they—wiser perhaps, for we know that in a few years our rarities will be dispersed at an auction; and they flatter themselves that their reveries will be immortal, which has happened to no system yet. A curiosity may rise in value; a system is exploded.

4th October, 1785.—It was said of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, that she never put dots over her i's, to save ink: how she would have enjoyed modern economy in that article! She would have died worth a thousand farthings more than she did—nay, she would have known exactly how many.

30th October, 1785.—Since I must be old and have the gout, I have long turned those disadvantages to my own account, and plead them to the utmost when they will save me from doing anything I dislike. I am so lame, or have such a sudden pain, when I do not care to do what is proposed to me! Nobody can tell how rapidly the gout may be come, or be gone again; and then it is so pleasant to have had the benefit, and none of the anguish. . . . The arts leave the heroic scourges of the North (Czarina, &c.) to be decorated by the Voltaires and D'Alemberts of the Gauls, or wait till by the improvement of balloons they may be transported to some of those millions of worlds that Herschel is discovering every day; for this new Columbus has thrown open the gates of astronomy, and neither Spanish inquisitors nor English nabobs will be able to torture and ransack the new regions and their inhabitants.

12th July, 1788.—My simple writings have had better fortune than they had any reason to expect; and I fairly believe, in a great degree, because gentlemen-writers, who do not write for interest, are treated with some civility, if they do not write absolute nonsense. I think so, because I have not unfrequently known much better works than mine much more neglected, if the name, fortune, and situation of the authors were below mine. I wrote

early from youth, spirits, and vanity. . . . I now shudder when I reflect on my own boldness. . . . I know my own writings are trifling and of no depth.

12th February, 1789.—I now do believe that the King is coming to himself; not in the language of the courtiers, to his senses—but from their proof, viz. that he is returned to his *what! what! what!* which he used to prefix to every sentence, and which is coming to his nonsense. I am corroborated in this opinion by his having said much more sensible things in his lunacy than he did when he was reckoned sane, which I do not believe he has been for some years. . . . Would he admire the degradation of his family in the person of all the Princess! or with the tripartite division of Royalty between the Queen, the Prince, and Mr. Pitt, which I call a *Trinity in Disunity!*

22nd February, 1789.—If the King relapses, the Opposition stock will rise; though in the meantime I do not doubt the nation will grow drunk with the loyalty of rejoicing, for kings grow popular by whatever way they lose their heads.

30th June, 1789.—If you grow tired of the "Arabian Nights", you have no more taste than Bishop Atterbury, who huffed Pope for sending him them, and fancied he liked Virgil better, who had no more imagination than Dr. Akenside. Read "Sinbad the Sailor's Voyages", and you will be sick of Æneas's. What woful invention were the nasty poultry, and ships on fire turned into Nereids! A barn metamorphosed into a cascade in a pantomime is full as sublime an effort of genius. . . . I do not think the Sultanness's narratives very natural or very probable, but there is a wildness in them that captivates. . . . So, you was not quite satisfied, though you ought to have been transported, with King's College Chapel, because it has no aisles, like every common cathedral. I suppose you would object to a bird of paradise, because it has no legs, but shoots to heaven in a trail, and does not rest on earth. Criticism and comparison spoil many tastes. You should admire all bold and unique essays that resemble nothing else; the *Botanic Garden*, the *Arabian Nights*, and King's Chapel are above all rules: and how preferable is what no one can imitate, to all that is imitated even from the best models! Your partiality to the pageantry of popery I do approve, and I doubt whether the world would not be a loser (in its visionary enjoyments) by the extinction of that religion, as it was by the decay of chivalry and the proscription of the heathen deities.

15th July, 1789.—I may fancy I shall hear of the King and Queen leaving Versailles, like Charles I., and then skips imagination six-and-forty years lower, and figures their fugitive Majesties taking refuge in this country. . . . Penetration argues from reasonable probabilities; but chance and folly are apt to contradict calculation, and hitherto they seem to have full scope for action. One hears of no genius on either side, nor do symptoms of any appear. There will, perhaps; such times and tempests bring forth, at least bring out, great men. I do not take the Duke of Orleans or Mirabeau to be built *du bois dont on les fait*; no, nor M. Necker. He may be a great traitor, if he made the confusion designedly! but it is a woful evasion if the promised financier slips into a black politician! I adore liberty, but I would bestow it as honestly as I could; and a civil war, besides being a game of chance, is paying a very dear price for it.

1st July, 1790.—I am tired of railing at French barbarity and folly. They are more puerile now serious, than when in the long paroxysm of gay levity. . . . They are hastening to establish the prætorian guards; for the sovereignty, it seems, is not to be hereditary.

8th June, 1791.—Of French politics you must be tired; and so am I. Nothing appears to me to promise their chaos duration; consequently I expect more chaos, the sediment of which is commonly despotism. . . . From the triple mitre downwards, it is almost always true, what I said some years ago, '*nolo episcopari*' is Latin for '*I lie*'. Tell it not in Gath that I say so; for I am to dine to-morrow at the Bishop of London's at Fulham.

7th July, 1795.—I am not dead of fatigue with my Royal visitors, though I was on my poor lame feet three whole hours. The Queen was uncommonly condescending and gracious, and deigned to drink my health when I presented her with the last glass. . . . I have not read the new French constitution, which seems longer than probably its reign will be. The five sovereigns will, I suppose, be the first guillotined.

SPECIMEN QUESTIONS.

1. "His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations." Illustrate and criticise.
2. "Trifles were his serious business." Give Macaulay's examples, and examine whether they substantiate his statement.
3. What part did Horace Walpole play in politics? What political views did he hold, and why does Macaulay suspect them?
4. Examine Macaulay's statement as to Horace Walpole's indifference to important questions of the day.
5. What were the faults of Grub Street? Illustrate from the writers of Horace Walpole's time, and examine whether Walpole shared in those faults.
6. Point out any exaggerations or misrepresentations in Macaulay's account of Horace Walpole as a literary critic.
7. Who were the most famous writers of Horace Walpole's time, and what books made them famous?
8. Give instances of real insight into literary excellence on the part of Horace Walpole.
9. Examine the statement that Horace Walpole's style is "tainted with Gallicism".
10. Show how "France has been the interpreter between England and mankind".
11. What can be said in defence of Horace Walpole's change of political opinions on the outburst of the French Revolution?
12. Was Horace Walpole a slavish adorer of Royalty? Illustrate by his references to members of the Royal families of England and France.
13. Macaulay says of Horace Walpole, "It is easy to describe him by negatives". Do it.
14. Give examples of Horace Walpole's weakness in reasoning.
15. What is your opinion of Horace Walpole as a judge of character? Support your view by examples.
16. Compare Horace Walpole's descriptions of his leading contemporaries with Macaulay's summary of the descriptions.
17. What is the charm of Horace Walpole's writings?
18. Show how Horace Walpole was of the Romantic school.
19. What is Horace Walpole's position among English letter-writers, and to what qualities does he owe that position?
20. What is the value of Horace Walpole's Letters as an original authority for English history? Illustrate by reference to Pitt's career, the Wilkes case, the Jacobite Rebellion, and the American War.

21. To what did Sir R. Walpole owe his influence with his contemporaries?
22. Why was Parliamentary bribery more common in Walpole's time than before or since?
23. Show how bribery of the House of Commons originated, and examine the assertion that Walpole was (a) the originator, (b) the organizer of Parliamentary corruption.
24. What remedies were proposed against Parliamentary corruption in Walpole's time, and why would they have failed?
25. Does the saying attributed to Walpole, "Every man has his price", truly reflect his character and his opinion of human nature?
26. What was the leading motive in Walpole's policy? Illustrate by incidents in his career.
27. If Walpole passed "not one great measure" during his administration, to what does he owe his fame?
28. What circumstances in the political and economic condition of England made Walpole's tenure of power advantageous to the country?
29. Give instances of Walpole's opportunism, and from these judge of his place as a statesman.
30. How far was love of peace a motive of Walpole's policy? Show the importance of a period of peace to England in Walpole's time.
31. Was Walpole's clinging to power entirely selfish?
32. Analyse and describe the opposition that confronted Walpole about the end of his career.
33. What circumstances contributed to bring about the fall of Walpole?
34. What expectations had been formed as to the gains to be made by the overthrow of Walpole, and how far were they realized?
35. Give a summary and criticism of Macaulay's account of the conduct of the Patriots on the occasion of Walpole's overthrow.
36. What qualities enabled Carteret to take the lead on Walpole's retirement?
37. Give an account of Carteret's career and of his Administration.
38. What causes and events led to Carteret's fall?
39. What light is thrown by Horace Walpole's account of Carteret on the character of both?
40. What circumstances enabled the Pelhams to govern without opposition?
41. Compare Henry Pelham with Sir R. Walpole.
42. Describe the Duke of Newcastle, and account for his long tenure of power.

43. Show how Macaulay sacrifices truth for the sake of rhetorical effect.
44. Give examples of Macaulay's skill as an advocate.
45. What are the most remarkable features of Macaulay's style? Give illustrations from the Essay.
46. What Figures of Speech does Macaulay use most frequently? Give examples.
47. Illustrate the importance of the Paragraph in Macaulay's writings.
48. "Mannerism is pardonable when the manner is natural." Apply this to the style (1) of Horace Walpole, (2) of Macaulay.
49. Minto says of Macaulay: "He discusses everything in the concrete". Illustrate this.
50. What devices are employed by Macaulay to add to the animation of his writings?
51. What are the defects and faults of Macaulay's style?
52. Write notes explanatory of the following allusions and their context:—The wars of the Fronde; a miniature of Grammont; the faults of Grub Street; the Lady Hero's phrase; the Gallery of Florence; the epicurean gods of the earth; a political millennium; familiar with Canonists and Schoolmen; that terrible explosion of High Church feeling; the column of Fontenoy; Major Charta; Ensign Northerton; the good old days of St. Dominic and de Montfort; George Selwyn's good sayings.
53. Explain fully the following statements:—
 - (a) The literature of France has been to ours what Aaron was to Moses.
 - (b) He would as soon have thought of taking down the arms of the Templars and the Hospitallers.
 - (c) There would be another Raphael before there was another Claude.
 - (d) Orgon could not have been such a fool as to be taken in by it.
 - (e) He tried to find out some way of writing books as M. Jourdain's father sold cloth.
 - (f) His wit was of the same kind with that of Cowley and Donne.
 - (g) He frittered away the Porteous Bill to nothing.
 - (h) This Diogenes is a gentleman-usher at heart.

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